TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE.

THIS is a day when attacks on the stage have become fashionable. That Gypsy Smith has added his voice to the chorus of condemnation should occasion no surprise; that he has been able to bring forward nothing but the old, old charges of immorality on the stage and in the green-room should occasion still less. If one were inclined to be cynical, one might say that a dislike for counter-attractions has always been a pronounced characteristic of the members of his profession; but I don't feel that way. I am more inclined to regret the uncompromising animosity which leads him to say in a recent interview, that he would rid the land of theatres, and the callous indiscrimination which allows him to place the stigma of a degraded life on a whole profession.

That the moral tone of the stage is perfect, that the foot-lights are to be regarded as a beacon and a shining guide unto higher things, that plays never inculcate any lessons but those of righteousness. is much more than even the most eager advocate and admirer of the theatre could claim for it. But that on the other hand the morals of stageland are generally bad, that it caters in any large measure to pruriency and vice, that its tone is lower than that of any other great art or of the life of the world which it interprets and criticizes, is more than common sense and experience should allow even its enemies to state. The stage is good as the world about us is good, and it is bad with the badness of the people we meet at every turn of the working day. In its true sense the stage is a criticism of life, just as literature is, just as painting is, just as any of the great arts are, and its sole value in the world is precisely in being such a criticism. Perhaps my meaning here will be made clearer by a citation from an article by Clayton Hamilton, one of America's most scholarly dramatic critics, in the last issue of The Forum. "The theatre, rightly considered," he says "is not a place in which to escape from the realities of life, but a place in which to seek refuge from the unrealities of actual living in the contemplation of life realized —life made real by imagination.....Incidents, characters, motives which we ourselves have never made completely real by imagination are realized for us by the dramatist. Intimations of humanity, which in our own minds have lain jumbled, fragmentary, like the multitudinous pieces of a shuffled picture-puzzle, are there set orderly before us, so that we see at last the perfect picture. We escape out of chaos into life."

This explains that "natural craving for the acted drama," which even Gypsy Smith himself admits. And this is also the reason why, in spite of the hostility of Mr. Smith, "and many much stronger than he, and many much wiser than he," the stage will go on for the joy and development of the great race of humans who are content to be human. It is true there are many rank, luxuriant growths which should be pruned out, and perhaps will be as the world grows older and wiser. But even without depending on the fulfilment of hopes, which like all others are apt to be disappointed, there is already justification enough for the stage. It fills a great and high place even now, in spite of the multitudes of tawdry and often vicious productions which live out a little day and die under the shadow of its mighty wings. There is only one thing that could bring about the ruin of the stage, and that is the unthinkable event of its being given over to the ideas and aims recommended by Mr. Smith and such other well meaning, but mistaken, gentlemen. Spiritual exhortation is a mighty agent for good, but if it were to be embodied on the stage, the only result would be the addition of another name to the long, sad list of the lost arts.

And now for that miserable old story of the depraved lives of player-folk, with which preachers of a certain class have for generations whetted the conceit of the righteous. It would be carrying coals to Newcastle to remind one with such proverbial lore as Mr. Smith of that old saw about giving a dog a bad name. There is a great deal of it in the ancient calumny against the stage—for calumny it is, as every statement must be which with brutal generality places a whole large profession under the ban. Granted that there are a great many immoral people on the stage, granted that there are more immoral people in proportion there than in any other walk of life, granted that the chorus girl for instance is more apt to take to evil courses than the girl who works in the factory or the department store and is freed from the restraining influence of her family—let all these things be granted, and still such a statement as Mr. Smith has made would be a calumny. It would be a calumny, because of the decent men and women—however few their numbers—who are striving earnestly and unselfishly to live up to high ideals of art and of life, and whose way is being made just so much harder by the bitter and unthinking prejudice which Mr. Smith is doing his little all to strengthen and uphold. It is perfectly true that theatrical life does not encourage the rigid virtues, and it may be that we would most of us hesitate before allowing a daughter or a sister to be exposed to its temptations. But if the call of an art and an impulse old as the human race should prove too strong for all other ties, it is a horrible thing to think that the men and women who follow it must fight not only the natural and inevitable evils of their calling, but also a widespread prejudice and suspicion, which is as much responsible as anything else for what is amiss in the lives of players. It may be the duty of such men as Gypsy Smith to call attention humbly and sorrowfully to the evil that lurks about the stage-door, perhaps even to warn young people against exposing themselves to its dangers; but it certainly is not his duty nor that of any other man, nor is it honest or just or Christian for him to stand in his self-confessed righteousness, and turning to the thousands of men and women who earn a hard living on the stage, shout at them, "Unclean! Unclean!" Of course, it may be that Mr. Smith was misreported and that the interviewer failed to catch or to fix the evangelist's real meaning. That, however, is for Mr. Smith to set right. In any case I take advantage of this opportunity to say something in defence of a noble art, however devoted at times to ill ends, and of a number of high-souled men and women, however surrounded by those whose ideals are low and whose lives are evil.

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A LOCAL daily, on the authority of a number of clergymen, made an extraordinary statement the other day. The paper said that ninety-nine per cent. of the people of Toronto are church members; and we are further informed that the preachers are out after the wandering one per cent.

In the face of this we have the Rev. Dr. Chown's statement made before the Canadian Purity Educational Association in Toronto last week. In an address delivered before that body the Reverend Doctor remarked that we have a moral sewer under Canada's social structure; that upward of fifty per cent. of our men are leading immoral lives; and that we tolerate a White Slave traffic. He maintained moreover that this traffic was operated on regularly prescribed business lines, the supply being regulated according to the demand. We have not as yet, he said, got this business organized on a regular trust basis, but he thought perhaps we would some day.

In his capacity as secretary of the Methodist Temperance and Moral Reform Association, Rev. Dr. Chown had observed the flashily dressed young women who walk the down town streets after dark. These and many more things the Rev. Dr. Chown told the members of the Canadian Purity Educational Association.

Compare the two statements, each unquestionable, given in good faith. Where does the discrepancy lie?

If, as stated, ninety-nine per cent. of the people of Toronto are church members; and if the Rev. Dr. Chown's statements are correct, then Toronto's religious bodies must of necessity have numberless loose ends which require gathering in. Is the Rev. Dr. Chown right or is he wrong?

Are we overloaded with hypocrites? Are we down to the Plimsoll mark with deceit? Do we start out to dissemble and end with only deceiving ourselves?

Is Toronto a religious centre in all that religion means, or is church going, with at least a percentage of the people, a matter of habit—a fashion—in which silk hats, frock coats, smug mugs and a pew in church are the requisites?

Here in Toronto we think we have the reputation of being an ultra sober lot. Is that a conceit, a fancy, a product of the imagination, or is it the real thing? We preach temperance, but should not our text be Bunkum and Booze instead?

As a matter of cold fact Toronto is very generally credited with operating a bottle-in-the-cellar-keep-it-dark-system. Just because we shut off forty saloons the other day it does not necessarily follow that the consumption of booze is on the down grade. We may perchance have just shifted this proportion of traffic.

Let's be honest with ourselves at least.

We shut the bars, and then go around the corner to the wet grocery, and home comes the booze in a box, labeled dictionaries or bibles perhaps. The man drives around to the back door, if we have one, and the wet goods are buried away in the cellar. The wagon in which the booze arrives bears no letters proclaiming to the world that it belongs to So & So, dealers in liquors. The grocer who owns that wagon knows his business, and he knows the people with whom he has to deal.

When night approaches and a friend calls we take him down cellar by the back way; swear him to secrecy and load him up. And all this time we think we are fooling someone. We are doing our best to live up to the smug, pharisaical, sanctimonious reputation of "Toronto the Good."

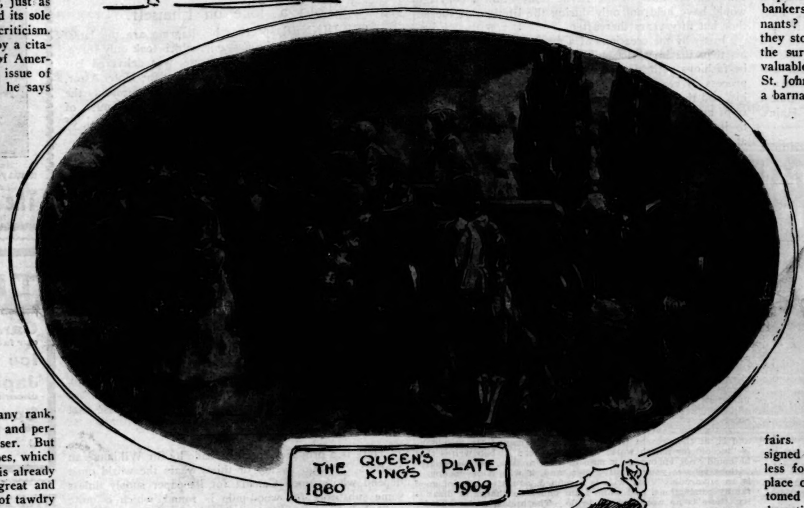
In an endeavor to appear different from what they are a lot of people are forgetting that what really concerns society is conduct, not opinion.

In Paris it is the fashion to be irreligious. Over there only the bourgeois go to church. Over here we are given to wearing our religion on our sleeves. It goes with the frock coat and the smug mug.

Some wise man has said:—"It is by what we do that we are useful to society and beneficent to our fellow men."

⁂

THOUGH his art was not of the intimate kind that comes home to the heart of the great public, the death of George Meredith will renew the gloom in the world of letters occasioned by the death of Swinburne. For they were great men these two, masters each in his separate star, and they were also the last survivors of that noble band of writers whose period of highest activity was one of the flood-times of genius in English letters. In spite of all his faults of manner, George Meredith wielded a marvellous prose style whose very stiffness and obscurity were merely the results of its boundless wealth of imagery and its overflowing power. As a novelist his insight and fundamental grasp of certain subtle types of character were unrivalled, and his works will always remain the cherished possession of those who seek in the novel the presentment in their full complexity of modern life and thought. It must also be remembered that Meredith was a poet, and one of rare beauty and skill. Some of his sonnets are among the best in English, and the explanation of much of his greatness, as also of much of his failure, is to be found in this wedding of poetry and fiction.



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BY the shades of Cicero, Burke, Joseph Howe and Patrick Henry the Anglo-Saxon is a dub when it comes to making speeches. We have schools for most everything nowadays, The Government should start a school of oratory and oblige every boy to take a course. I am reminded of this after listening for three mortal hours to the speeches at the banquet tendered the Australian and New Zealand delegates to the Imperial Press conference at the National Club on Monday evening. The trouble appears to lie in the fact that, as a nation, we take ourselves too seriously. There is always a tendency, and the dinner I speak of was no exception, to juggle together a lot of figures and then launch them forth. It reminds one of George Foster's campaign speeches, which no disinterested man ever wanted to listen to unless it was raining outside and your wife had locked you out.

In justice to our antipodean visitors, however, it may be stated that they simply radiated and glowed as compared with the average Canadian speaker, for with the exception of Mr. J. S. Willison, whose speech which was neither long nor by any means dull, the other Canadians—well, they were hardly in the Cicero class.

Aside from our French Canadian orators we have scarcely a man in Canada who glistens and sparkles as an after dinner speaker. The well turned phrase, the indefinite something that has music in it. This is what we like to hear from a speaker when the cloth is thrown aside and the cigars are lighted. It may not sound so well when put in cold type and read over the morning after, but it is pleasing to these gathered about the board, and after all this is the prime requisite, almost the sole aim, of an after dinner speech.

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IN an obscure corner of the Province of Quebec there exists a shell where once there was a bank. The institution in question is the Bank of St. Johns, and the former President P. H. Roy, is now on trial on numerous counts, among them being the charge of issuing false returns to the Government. It is alleged that this man Roy so juggled his accounts that overdue bills and promissory notes to the extent of $580,000 appeared in the current loan column, but that as a matter of fact these securities are scarcely worth the paper they are written on. A full bill of particulars of the allegations against Roy I don't propose to enter into, but there is nevertheless a moral in the mismanagement of this concern applicable to the entire Canadian banking system.

What can be done in the town of St. Johns, P. Q., by Roy can also be accomplished in the cities of Toronto or Montreal were bank managers so minded. The Ottawa Department of Finance took Roy's statements on trust up to the very day that the bank's doors closed and the public suddenly found itself defrauded out of hundreds of thousands of dollars. It is said that some Canadian bankers were aware many days previous to the crash that something was wrong, though apparently the Banking Department at Ottawa had no such knowledge. Did these bankers come forward in an endeavor to save the remnants? Not that anyone is aware of. On the contrary they stood by with closed lips and tight pockets. It was the survival of the fittest. Here was a bank charter. valuable in itself, but which would lapse if the Bank of St. Johns founder beyond hope of rescue. A small rival, a barnacle upon the rich banks of the country, would be drowned out for all time to come.

The lapse of Roy from the paths of virtue and righteousness was of no particular concern to the banking fraternity generally. It concerned more properly the poor devils who had trusted Roy and his bank, and who in many instances lost in it the savings of a lifetime. It was, the bankers said, the beginning of the end of the small bank in Canada. Other small concerns had gone before the Bank of St. Johns and no doubt others would in due time follow.

For the big banks this was good business unquestionably, but bad morals wtihal.

It occurs to one to ask whether a system of Government inspection would have saved the whole or any part of the sum which the trusting depositors have lost through the alleged mismanagement or worse of P. H. Roy. Unquestionably the frauds alleged to have been perpetrated would have been discovered immediately by any well qualified inspector who delved into this bank's affairs. If, as alleged, the bank's vaults contained notes signed by P. H. Roy and others almost as equally worthless for sums aggregating upward of half a million, in place of good securities, any good business man, accustomed to banking methods would have discovered the deception without a question of doubt. These alleged falsifications and other alleged fraudulent measures were not the result of one great deception, but ran over a long period of time. It is therefore only fair to assume that a Government inspector would have caught the Banque of St. Johns in the early stages of its downward career, in which event not only would there have been a large actual saving to the depositors, but the bank itself could in that event have been resuscitated, reorganized, and in all human probability the charter—of itself worth a good round sum in proper hands—along with a goodly proportion of the funds, would have been saved.

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SALAAM, BOBS, BAHADUR! All the world loves a lover, they say, but all the world loves a fighter, too —and you are both. And now when you are celebrating the golden anniversary of your wedding, and the public of England is paying honor to the great love which has been your comfort and support for half a century, I want to toss up my hat with the rest and huzzah for Earl Roberts and his lady. Seldom have the married lives of soldiers started so auspiciously as on that honeymoon in Scotland fifty years ago, when a young officer, then only twenty-six, was suddenly summoned to Buckingham Palace to receive the Victoria Cross for glorious service in the Indian Mutiny. And how completely has that early promise been fulfilled. All other honors, even to the very highest in his profession, have been bestowed with national acclaim on that young officer, a young officer then, an old officer now, until he has come to be "Bobs," the greatest and best loved little man in the British army. So all glasses up, then, and here's to them both—long life, health and happiness, and eternal youth!

⁂

A CRY that the Lloyd-George budget will drive out capital from Britain has gone forth. That was to be expected. We hear the same cry over here periodically. It always comes when questions relating to the tariff are before the people. "Lower the tariff," says the high protectionist, "and we will be obliged to close our factory." It's a telling argument in Canada and in the United States. It has been cried so long and so hard that, perhaps, after all had old Adam Smith lived to-day in place of a hundred years ago, he would also have believed it and the world would never have seen his works on economics.

"The subjects of every State ought to contribute to the support of Government as nearly as possible in proportion to their respective abilities—that is in proportion to the revenue which they respectively enjoy under the protection of the State." So said Adam Smith, and so have said many other disinterested thinkers, before and since. But the trouble is the disinterested writer, the specialist, the thinker on economics, is seldom able to drive the truth home to a sufficiently large proportion of people.

"Load the taxes onto the other fellow; not on my

shoulders but on his." This was the call in Egypt three thousand years ago, and we don't appear to overcome it to an appreciable extent, even in this day and generation.

Of course the rich men of England don't like Lloyd-George's Budget; why should they? Would the rich men of Canada like it any better if called upon to pay their fair proportion, in place of having the taxes "fuddled" into a protective tariff, nicely calculated as it is to put the chief load upon those who can bear it least?

The London Evening Standard of recent date makes the following extraordinary statement:—

"Even if rich men did nothing for the trade of the country they would not be without a *raison d'etre* so long as they spend their money, as many of them do, for the direct benefit of their poorer neighbors. Tax Lord Mount-Stephen's income out of existence, and you deprive the London hospitals of £30,000 a year. Raise the death duties, as the Socialists hope to do, to an extinguishing figure, and you lose the immense Whiteley donation for almshouses and the Maple millions that help University College Hospital to do its grand work among the poor of St. Pancras and Marylebone. One might go on for a long time enumerating all that rich men have done and are doing for England. The country will never forget Sir E. Cassel's munificence in the cause of the war against tuberculosis, or the £100,000 given by a great shipowner to Liverpool Cathedral."

A great pity some one had not thought of that before. The world has wasted generations in arguing and fighting over an equitable basis of taxation, and here is one ready made. Of course, put all the taxes on the poor man in the form of a protective tariff, then in a few years they would all be in the alms houses and Lord Mount-Stephen, the Duke of Westminster and a few more who had benefitted in the interval could support them. It would have such a tendency to make the larger proportion of the population independent and self respecting, and besides it would give the rich nobility something to do.

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AFTER ducking behind everything from a woman's skirt to a plea of insanity, Captain Peter Hains will disappear from the scene for a time at least. Perhaps W. E. Annis needed killing down there near New York last year and perhaps he didn't, I can't say; but the thought of a man, and particularly an army captain, a Westpointer, and the son of a U. S. general of good record, killing a man for over attention to his wife, and then dodging behind the insanity plea, is almost enough to make one lose confidence in human nature. No one, of course, will attempt to excuse the dead Annis, nor will the world forget the part Mrs. Hains played in the unsavory tragedy, but at the same time one would almost rather be the dead Annis than the living coward Hains.

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WHEN should the successful author cease writing? Shall he go on till the critics cry halt, enough; or shall he stop of his own accord before perchance he has told his last story?

Stanley Weyman who with his "Under the Red Robe," "The Red Cockade," "The Long Night," and a dozen other works has given most of us some hours of enjoyment, has resolved that he will write no more. He announces simultaneously with the publication of his latest book, "Wild Geese," that he will now lay his pen aside. He says:—

"I think I have told all the tales I have to tell. It should not care to go on writing till the critics began to hint that I was repeating myself and the public was beginning to feel it had had about enough of me. I consider I have been very fortunate; critics, publishers, the public, have all treated me well, and I am not going to presume upon it. I am fifty-three; I have had a long run, and would far sooner quite the stage now, whilst I am still playing to a full house, than go on and tire the audience and ring the curtain down at last on half-empty benches."

Stanley Weyman at fifty-three is by no means an invalid. He could unquestionably write on for many years. He could manufacture books and his name as a trade mark would be a valuable asset. As a writer Mr. Weyman's career has not been a long one, for he was thirty before his first book appeared; whereas, at that age Rudyard Kipling had done a great deal of his best work. At thirty Mark Twain was scarcely known and at fifty-three much of his best work was yet unwritten. Sir Walter Scott, whom Weyman succeeded in a small way as a writer of the historical novel, wrote up almost to the end of his sixty-one years, urged on as he was with the fear of financial disaster.

Stanley Weyman gave new life to a kind of fiction which was languishing, and while not ranked with the giants of the past generation, Thackeray, George Elliot and Charles Reade, still he filled a gap in recreating a little school of historical fiction. He says it is better to play to a full house, than to go on and eventually play to empty benches. So, perhaps, he is right in ringing down the curtain upon himself.

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FOR so important a measure we have heard very little of the new American Copyright Law recently passed by the United States Congress. For several years some of the prominent American authors, among them Mark Twain, have urged this legislation upon Washington. The copyright law as it formerly stood was a bewildering collection of separate acts. These acts, as recently amended, have been codified, so that now even the layman may ascertain with reasonable certainty what the law is. The term of copyright is by the recent enactment extended from forty-two to fifty-six years, and the benefits of this extension may be shared by copyrights now in force. The practical working of this provision is indicated by the fact that for fourteen years longer a large part of the writings of Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Holmes, Lowell and Aldrich will be protected, while nearly all the works of Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Parkman, W. D. Howells and Mr. James will also have the protection of the Copyright Act for a goodly space of time.

Already people were getting ready to pirate "The Innocents Abroad," "The Man Without a Country," "Little Women," and a lot of other old friends, but these brigands will find themselves up against the Copyright Act until 1925 or thereabouts. The present fifty-six year term practically insures an American author the control of his own writing as long as he lives. However, at best it is but a compromise measure, for had Congress followed the lines of the Berne Convention a copyright would have held not only during the lifetime of the author but fifty years thereafter.

Just why the creations of a man's mind should be less his than the house he builds with his hands or the cane he fashions with his jack-knife is hard to understand. A process of reasoning whereby a man's horse is declared his, and the book he has written not his, but the property of any pirate who may chance along and take a fancy to it, is frankly beyond me. Governments stand ready at all times to protect, even with tariff walls, the manufacturer of everything save literature. The author and his children and grandchildren after him can go to the devil for all that governments care. If a man makes button hooks instead of books he will, in all probability, not only get a tariff in his favor, but a bonus on his output.

Great are the lawmakers of the lands and particularly great is the annual output of "justice."

THE COLONEL.

A Clergyman Out of a Job.

Toronto, May 15, 1909.

To the Editor of Saturday Night: Dear Sir,—Following the recent successful Layman's Missionary Congress, which evoked so much of an intenser interest in the welfare of the Christian Church, it seems more than a pity, almost a disgrace, that a clergyman of the Anglican Church is compelled to take this means of making his condition known. The city rectors and ministers of self-supporting congregations are not in any danger of being financially neglected, but the rural clergy are mostly poor.

The writer has served a series of only fair country parishes, and is, at the present time, out of employment. He is told he is "too old for parish work," and a Western Bishop writes that he could "not encourage a man of such an age, as the congregations require young, active men, and, if with some means, it is an advantage." My wife is a refined, educated lady of good family connections, and while I am under no charge or disability, there is no work for me to do. The apparent demand for clergy is only partly true and when a man has passed fifty years of age it is the old story of the "old mill horse sent out to grass or starve." It appears to be a simple travesty on Christian Church life and I must appeal to the public. The Church of England does not seem to possess any means of providing for a minister who is "unattached." After exhausting the financial resources of my dear wife, and devoting my best years to the service of this Church, having erected or enlarged several places for divine worship in various parts of this Province, these almost intolerable conditions exist. It is quite likely that the intelligent laity do not know the facts. How many "unattached" or "unemployed" clergy are now in this city? Enquiry will soon tell the number. The present writer would be glad if this communication leads to a definite system of practical help, and the elimination of a condition which is really a disgrace to all concerned.

Yourh truly,

"A POOR CLERGYMAN."

Lloyd-George's Remarkable Career.

THERE are few careers in the political history of England more remarkable or more picturesque than that of the man whose name will be on the lips of every one in England for the next few weeks or even months, writes Mr. T. P. O'Connor in M.A.P. of Mr. Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Not much more than twenty years ago Lloyd George was a solicitor without money, and with but a tiny practice in a Welsh town—it might even be said a Welsh village; and to-day, still a young man, still under fifty years of age, he is the second figure in the greatest Empire in the world. Even that humble position of provincial solicitor marked a big advance on a still more modest childhood and youth.

He is the son of a man whose career is, in many respects, a strange contrast to his own. For Lloyd George's father was one of those men, half scholar, half peasant, who have too much of the spiritual to be successful as farmer, and too much of the farmer to attain quite to the highest position in the world of religion or thought. A Unitarian, a Welshman, a sanguine and gentle dreamer, Lloyd George's father led a somewhat wandering life; now in Liverpool, now in Manchester; a schoolmaster here, a Unitarian preacher there; and finally ending his days at an early age, when settled down once more near his native place in Wales, as farmer on his native soil; and ending in poverty, perchance in broken hopes, and with affrighting and heart-breaking apprehensions as to the future of the wife and two children, little more than babes, whom he left to the cold and cruel mercy of the world.

Told a Joke on Himself.

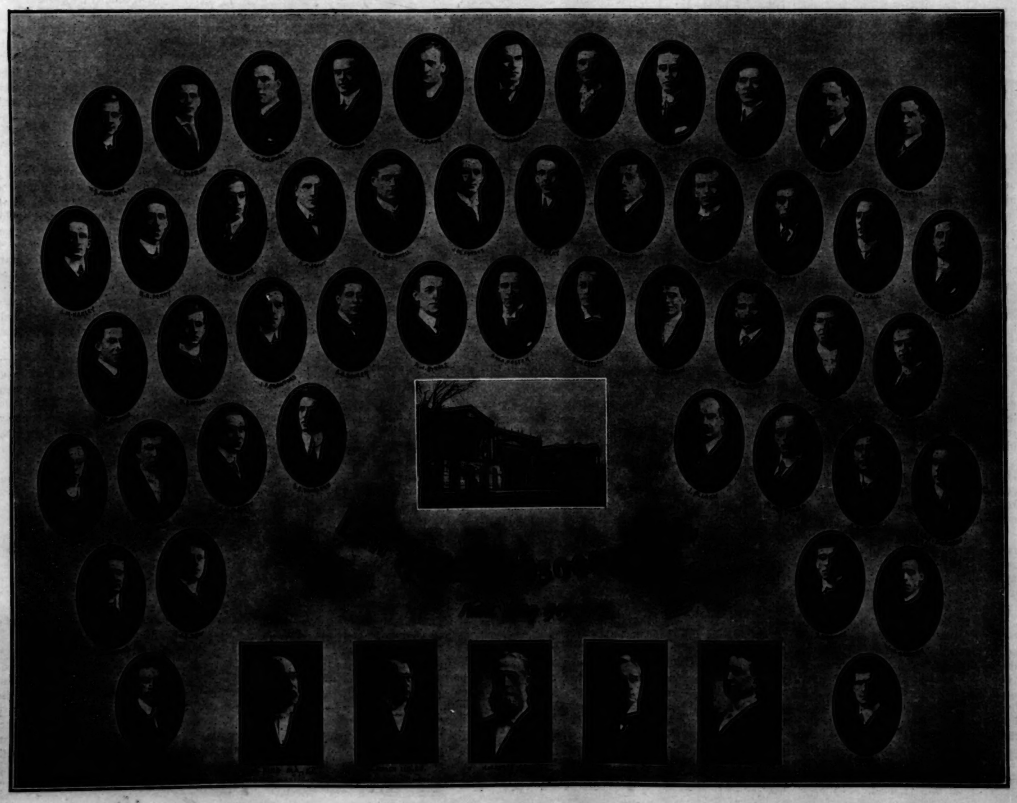
AFTER-DINNER speeches by diagram are the latest innovation, and the first one, which took only three-quarters of an hour to demonstrate, was delivered last Friday night before the Canadian Club at the Hotel Astor, New York, by Francis W. Cushman, who represents the State of Washington in the United States House of Representatives. His subject was the Panama Canal, of which he had a six foot chart.

The audience applauded successive stages of the demonstration, and everybody was happy, so clear was the exposition of the situation down at the Isthmus as seen through the talk of the Representative.

"It was always the ambition of my life," said Cushman, "to go into the House of Representatives, and I followed it like a town constable after an absconding debtor. I shall never forget the day that I arrived in Washington. My lines and specification were not such as would strike most people as impressive but I felt all right. As I walked up the long corridor I felt as though God's elect had come into their own. I was stopped by a guard at the door, who told me I could not go in there for the place was meant only for members of the House of Representatives. I told him I was a Representative and gave him my name. He looked over the list and when he found Francis W. Cushman he bowed low and let me in.

"Bill," he said to the one next to him, "did you see that? I'll never have nerve to stop anything else that shows up."

Here is a prophecy recently made by Sir William Van Horne: "Within twenty or thirty years the world must depend wholly upon Canada for its paper supply unless some substitute for wood-pulp is found, which is quite unlikely."



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CAPITAL (paid up) $2,500,000
CAPITAL (fully up) $1,500,000
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TORONTO

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Age	20	25	30	35	40
Premium,	$38.85	$39.50	$40.35	$41.60	$43.45

Life Department

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LONDON & LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

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Toronto General Agents.

A

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WITH SOME STYLE

We make a good many different bags, but for design and attractive appearance the bag illustrated for the last four years has been our best seller.

We make it in three qualities.

$8.50, $10.00 and $18.00.

Catalogue, giving full descriptions of all our leading lines, sent free.

The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co Limited
105 KING ST WEST

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO **MONTREAL**

Montreal, May 20, 1909.

THE trial of the Hon. H. P. Roy, formerly president of the Banque de St. Jean, has been productive of a number of very interesting statements and occurrences. It is doubtful, however, if anything will live longer in the memory of those who take an interest in logical deductions than the reasoning by which Mr. A. D. Girard, counsel for Mr. Roy, attempted to better the position of his client. It may be remembered that the bank neglected to comply with certain details demanded of all incorporated banks, and that the claim was made that the bank, consequently, has no legal existence. In fact, a case based upon this claim, is now before the courts. It may also be remembered that Hon. H. P. Roy succeeded, first, in getting his case postponed by obtaining a change of venue from St. John's—where he claimed the people were prejudiced against him—to Montreal, and that, later, claiming that the people in St. John's were now more favorably disposed, he obtained a change of venue back again to that town. By means of these changes of venue, he avoided first, one sitting of the court and then another, and, were it possible to succeed in further appeals of a similar nature, goodness knows when his trial would have come off. However, the Quebec Legislature removed further doubt regarding the matter by granting a special session for the purpose of hearing the trial. When the trial began, a week ago or so, Mr. Girard, by a process of reasoning not exactly syllogistic yet most ingenious, attempted to have the trial again postponed. He said that a case was pending which might decide the legality of the existence of the bank. There was good reason to believe that the bank had no legal existence. Now if the bank did not exist no offences could have been committed against it and, of course, the charges made against Mr. Roy, former president, would fall to the ground. What could be clearer?

The following syllogisms might fit the case—logicians need not interrupt:

A bank cannot become incorporated without complying with certain legal requirements.

The Bank of St. John's has not complied with these requirements.

Therefore the Bank of St. John's has not been incorporated.

The next step might be:

Crimes cannot be committed against that which has no existence.

The Bank of St. John's, incorporated, has no existence.

Therefore, no crime was committed against the Bank of St. John's, incorporated.

If that isn't right, what's the matter with it? However, the judge saw a flaw in the process of reasoning and refused Mr. Girard's request. The trial is now proceeding and a number of startling statements are being made in the evidence which, if sustained, will further demonstrate the need of a speedy revision of the Bank Act.

***

The Toledo Company.

Among the various railway, light and power companies which have been unfortunate of recent years, the Toledo Railways and Light Company is prominent. The stock of this company is largely held in Canada, as is also that of another American company which finds itself in a somewhat uncertain condition, viz., the Detroit United Railway. The Toledo Co. happens to be in the lime-light, at present, its stock having dropped last week to 9, on the local exchange. It would seem that the company has some $10,000,000 bonds coming due in another month or so—July 1st—and it is not very clear where the money is coming from, apparently, to pay off these bonds and keep things running. Half the bonds bear interest at 5 per cent. and the other half at 4 per cent. About a year ago, the earnings of the company were such that it became necessary to default on the payment of interest on a portion of the bonds, so that it need not cause much surprise if the company were not able to hand $10,000,000 over the counter when the end of June comes. The matter is further complicated by the fact that a number of franchises expire during the next few years. The renewal of these may be readily arranged,—and then again they may not.

***

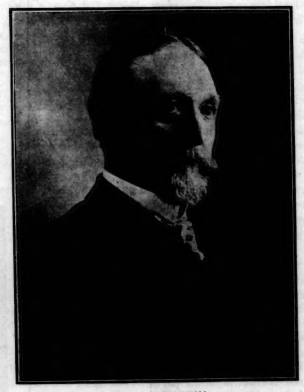
Exclusive Franchises.

Year by year it is becoming plainer that the public is chafing under the system by which exclusive franchises are granted to corporate bodies to supply public services, such as lighting, street railway and like services affecting the whole community, and it looks as though the whole system of franchise granting would be called in question ere long. What will be substituted therefor, is impossible to say. Meantime, money invested in undertakings whose capitalization represents the value of franchises and not the value of plant, is more and more being threatened. The same remarks apply to money invested in those industries whose earnings are based upon the duty or the bounty granted by governments. Conditions alter from year to year and with them alter the views of the public regarding the desirability of these various "special privileges," and no one can doubt that the tendency is, in general, towards their entire cancellation. Witness the agitation in the United States for lower duties, the tendency in Canada to permit the bounties on iron and steel to expire at the end of next year and to let the woollen mills go out of business if they cannot make their own way as things now are, as well as the agitation in all countries to alter the whole basis of franchises. In all these changes, capital is imperiled, and capital, being exceedingly sensitive, will soon take the hint and keep away from such undertakings as depend upon special privilege for their earnings. Even a perpetual franchise will not assure, as one generation will not be bound by the acts of the other. Hence, it will come that capital, itself, will settle the matter by being eventually available only to those industries which "stand on their own bottom" without legislative or other assistance, thus bringing about the extinction of the others.

***

Toronto, May 20, 1909.

HOW to stop speculation in future continues to receive a great deal of attention in many States of the American Union. A new bill has been brought up in the Springfield, Ill., legislature for the prevention of dealing in future in commodities, stocks or bonds. Its provisions are drastic, and the penalties severe. In speaking of this measure a Toronto broker said this week that he hoped it could be carried into effect. He went further and stated that he was now seriously considering the matter of giving up all trade in future, such as grain, cotton, coffee, provisions, etc. He has been in business here twenty odd years, and a careful survey of his books fails to reveal anything but losses to clients who dealt in options on commodities. The only people here who have made anything in grain were those engaged in the cash article or spot stuff. Of course a few deals in options might have been closed at a profit, but when spread over a few years, no one has made even enough to buy a postage stamp. Those brokers depending upon the option business were continually looking for new suckers. They last for a short time only, and then drop out. Millions have been sent from Toronto and Ontario to Chicago, and the same may be said of every city in the United States. Some may say that wheat and corn have intrinsic worth, but it is the "option" that will land you. The speculator has to pay big premiums for future months, four or five times a year, that is if he carries his deal through, and this eventually breaks him. But you say the farthest-off futures are often at a discount, as is the case to-day. The speculator usually in that case, is "short" of an option, and he naturally gets caught in the rise. The fact of the matter is, said this broker, you cannot get a proper line on wheat or other commodity. There is what is termed the "visible" supply, which is anything but accurate. We know this from our local experience. At certain times we have known our elevators to contain 50,000 to 75,000 bushels of wheat, yet the weekly returns of local stocks would show nothing as being held here. This is often done in the interest of the dealer, who owns the grain. Reports from other cities are likely to be as trustworthy. Then there is the invisible, meaning the amount held by farmers. It is a mere guess, however. The amounts afloat or on the cars are also likely to be very misleading. The men who have tried to run big deals have almost without exception come to grief. The Armours have probably been the exception. Patten is not yet through. Jim Keene, Deacon White, Old Hutch and Leiter, you know how they ended up in grain options. I, said the broker, am going to give up this part of the game. There is no money in it, commissions are awfully cut up, and my customers lose their money. It is different with stocks; at least my clients make money, and many of them take up their stocks by paying for them in full.



MR. W. J. TURPIN.

Mr. Turpin, who is one of Canada's old-time brokers, was recently elected President of the Montreal Stock Exchange.

***

Port Hope Clique.

Talking about Chicago, the writer was reminded of the Port Hope deal some time in the seventies. A small coterie of gentlemen, including a banker, a capitalist, an insurance agent and a grain dealer, all of whom have now passed from this sphere, having had a successful "shy" at Chicago lard, determined to "corner" wheat. After maturing their plans, the orders to buy wheat in Chicago were proceeded with. But not to be undone the wily Chicago brokers had a secret conference, the members of the windy city house calling in a few of their wealthy confreres, who became associates in this particular deal. This of course was unknown at the time to the Port Hope operators. Not many orders for wheat from the eastern town had been sent to the Chicago pit before a representative of the western pool had found his way to Toronto and Port Hope to get all information possible as to the financial standing of these would-be cornerers of wheat. After making his inquiries at the offices of the commercial agencies, the banks, etc., the Chicago scout returned home and made his report. The western brokers then determined upon their plan of pursuit. As Port Hope orders came in to buy, the Chicago fellows sold a like amount to their brethren in the pit, and forwarded purchase notes to the town clique. There was consternation at times on the part of the Port Hopers because their orders to buy had failed to have any strengthening effect on the wheat options. They seemed to sag instead. It was disheartening to say the least. Occasionally, an order to sell would be sent to Chicago by the would-be cornerers. The brokers then bought a like amount. But the order would have a more bullish than bearish effect on the market. To make a long story short, the western crowd had more money than their clients in the Ontario town. Wheat options declined until the Chicago crowd had skinned the eastern pool of from $400,000 to $500,000. Then wheat had a

BANK OF HAMILTON

Dividend Notice

Notice is hereby given that A Dividend of Two and one-half per cent., for the quarter ending 31st of May, (being at the rate of Ten per cent. per annum) on the Capital Stock of the Bank, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after the first of June next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 22nd to 31st May, both inclusive.

By Order of the Board,
J. TURNBULL,
General Manager.

Hamilton, 13th April, 1909.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA

ESTABLISHED 1874.

Money can be remitted to any part of the world by

Draft or Telegraphic Transfer

TORONTO OFFICES:
37 King St. East—Broadview and Gerrard—Queen and Pape

NORTHERN CROWN BANK

Capital (authorized)	- -	$6,000,000
Capital (paid up)	- - -	$2,200,000

Every accommodation consistent with prudent banking will be cheerfully extended to responsible business men. We offer a sound, conservative service to those who desire satisfactory banking privileges.

Toronto Office - - - - 34 King St. West

DOMINION EXPRESS MONEY ORDERS

Foreign Drafts AND Travellers' Cheques

Issued in the Money of the Country on which drawn

PAYABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD

Money Transferred by Telegraph or Cable | Toronto Office 48 Yonge St. | Foreign Money Bought and Sold

$1.00 OPENS AN ACCOUNT IN THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OF $1.00

THE METROPOLITAN BANK

No delay in withdrawal.

Capital Paid-up	$1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits	$1,277,404.49

A Vacation in the Pine Woods.

Go back to business feeling like a new man. No tired listless feeling like that which generally accompanies a short sojourn at the seaside. The cool and balsamic atmosphere of the wilds is so rejuvenating, so refreshing.

Just on the edge of civilisation, amidst high wooded lands, streams and lakes of purest water abounding in fish. A veritable paradise for the canoe and rod lover among the wooded islands and inlets of beautiful

TEMISKAMING LAKE

A lake of the North Land, in the heart of the Laurentian Hills, brought by the railroad to within a few hours of your city, giving you the same opportunity to enjoy a visit to the picturesque wild lands of Canada as the man with weeks of leisure at his command.

The climate is unexcelled—cool nights for rest and recuperation after the day's outing.

Every convenience of a New York Hotel will be found at

THE BELLEVUE HOTEL

Charmingly situated, amid trees and shrubbery, on the shore of the lake. Gasoline Launches; Boating; Lawn Tennis; Bowling on the Green and Alleys; Billiards and Dancing. Ice cold Laurentian Water piped from springs in the Hills. Hot and cold baths on all floors; sanitary conveniences; electric light; modern in every way; an ideal place to spend your summer vacation.

Pleased to send information and beautiful booklet.

Write "THE MANAGER, TEMISKAMING, P.Q."

Open for season 1909—June 25th.

Boats leave the Hotel Dock daily for the famous Cobalt Silver Belt, calling at Haileybury, Liskeard and intervening points.

WE are prepared to promptly furnish to our clients without cost, complete and accurate information concerning all securities carefully analyzed and concisely presented.

W. GRAHAM BROWNE & CO.

Bond Dealers - - 222 St. James St., MONTREAL

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO

Capital Authorized..... $10,000,000
Capital Paid-up 5,000,000
Rest 5,000,000

Drafts, Money Orders and Letters of Credit Issued

Available in any part of the world. Special attention given to collections.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Interest allowed on deposits at all Branches of the Bank throughout the Dominion of Canada.

BY ROYAL WARRANT

TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

G·H·MUMM & CO
EXTRA DRY

The most exquisite Dry Champagne imported.

SELECTED BRUT

A superb Brut Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.

There is probably not a club in the world, where men of taste gather, where the name

G·H·MUMM & CO.

is not a synonym for the best Champagne that can be had.

Royal warrants have been granted to Messrs. G. H. Mumm & Co. by
His Majesty King Edward VII
His Majesty The German Emperor
His Majesty The Emperor of Austria
His Majesty The King of Italy
His Majesty The King of Sweden
His Majesty The King of Denmark
His Majesty The King of the Belgians
His Majesty The King of Spain.

"The quality goes in before the name goes on."

BREDIN'S HOME-MADE BREAD

"The quality goes in before the name goes on." For delicacy of flavor and wholesomeness Bredin's bread is excelled by none.

The real home-made loaf as it is made by Bredin's bakers, leaves nothing to be desired.

You can always rely on Bredin's home-made.

5 cents the loaf.

Bredin's bakeshops, 160-164 Avenue road. Phone College 761. Bloor and Dundas sts. Phone Parkdale 1585.

The perfection of scientific brewing and the best hops and malt.

When you see the label Cosgraves that's good beer.

Cosgraves

Half and Half as pure as it's good, a delicious beverage, wholesome up, building tonic—the ideal beer for the home.

At all dealers and first-class bars.

rally, some say it rose to prices equalling the average at which the Port Hopers bought. But the money was gone, and misery and desolation followed.

***

Bank Profits.

The chief reason for the smaller net profits of the Bank of Montreal for the past half-year is the lower rate of interest. This bank is carrying very large balances and reserves outside the country, principally in New York and London, and on these the earnings must be comparatively small, owing to the plethora of money in those centres. Net profits for the half-year ended April 30 were $860,682, or at the rate of 11.95 per cent. per annum, while those of the corresponding half-year were $923,560, or at the rate of 12.75 per annum. The balance carried forward to profit and loss account in 1908 was large, and this has enabled the Bank to add $1,000,000 to reserve fund, which is now $12,000,000, while the paid-up capital is $14,400,000. The usual dividends at the rate of 10 per cent. were paid, and the stock is quoted at 250, as against 232 a year ago. The very large increase in deposits in the Bank of Montreal, the increase in six months being over $40,000,000, while indicating quietness in trade circles, also shows the confidence of the public in this institution. The cash holdings have grown to $92,607,204 and the immediately available assets reach $125,199,632. The deposits amount to $170,238,100, which, of course, are the chief liability of a bank.

The annual report of the Imperial Bank of Canada must have been gratifying to shareholders. Perhaps this was the bank that first put in the pruning knife when the bad times appeared two years ago. The result, anyway, is that the net earnings of the Imperial were greater for the year ended last month than for the previous year. Net profits on $5,000,000 capital was 15 per cent. Dividends at the rate of 11 per cent. were paid, totalling $549,539.52. In addition, the sum of $69,921 was written off bank premises and furniture account. The notes of the bank in circulation amount to $3,115,100, and the deposits to $36,063,516.01. The balance carried forward to profit and loss account was $599,978, which compared with a balance of $475,914 brought forward a year ago.

Lord Kitchener's Future.

ONE of the most observant and fair-minded of those who act as London correspondents for United States newspapers, says that Lord Kitchener is the one soldier in the British army in whom all classes in Britain have supreme faith. He believes that the long discussed question of what to do with Kitchener has been settled in this way:

When his term in India has expired and his tour through Japan and China, Canada and Australia is completed, he will probably be appointed to act in an advisory capacity to the Committee of Imperial Defence. He will continue in this position until Gen. Sir William Nicholson's term of office as Chief of the General Staff and First Military Member of the Army Council expires, when he will succeed him in that position, retaining his seat on the Imperial Defence Committee.

This arrangement was suggested by the Duke of Connaught, and is welcomed as a good way out of a difficult problem. It seemed as if there were no position in the army that Kitchener could take without stepping down or being practically shelved. He could have been kept idle till Sir William Nicholson's term had expired, but Kitchener is a man who does not care to be idle and would certainly refuse to step down.

Founder of the Asphalt Paving Trade.

IN an article written for SATURDAY NIGHT a few weeks ago by Mr. J. W. Barry on the West Indies, mention was made of the asphalt industry at Pitch Lake on the Island of Trinidad, where over a million tons of the paving material are obtained and shipped annually. In this connection it is interesting to note that Amzi L. Barber, founder of the asphalt paving business in America and England, and active in other industrial enterprises, died a few days ago in New York. Mr. Barber was in the real estate business in Washington in 1876 when a small piece of asphalt pavement was laid in Pennsylvania Avenue as an experiment. He saw the possibilities in pavement of this kind and two years later bid for contracts. The Barber Asphalt Company was organized in 1883, and in 1888 he obtained from the British government a concession for the lake of asphalt on the Island of Trinidad. The use of asphalt for paving became general in the years following the obtaining of the concession, and one company after another was organized.

Smokers and Cannibals.

THAT travelled and talented woman, Miss Agnes Deans Cameron, as was recently noted in a story on this page, has found in the Hudson's Bay Company's records that Esquimaux women whom starvation had forced to cannibalism expressed a preference for the flesh of non-smokers. From this testimony arguments for or against the use of tobacco may be deduced, depending upon individual circumstances and preferences. That the use of the bitter weed is certain, not only to poison the breath, weaken the nerves, and destroy the memory, but also to render the flesh unpalatable, is a shocking contemplation. On the other hand there is this consolation for the smoker, that if he should fall among cannibals in a time of plenty, this hostile discrimination might save his life even at the expense of his pride. For it has been averred by one who came unscathed through a prolonged stay among the Anthropophagi of the Pacific, that these people have been known to reject the "smoked" variety upon a mere inspection, without requiring samples.

Some time in the first half of last century, a Nova Scotian vessel cruising in the Pacific disappeared, and nothing was heard of her for several years. Then there turned up suddenly at his home in Digby, on the Annapolis Basin, young Cranwell Longmuir, who had sailed on the lost ship as steward's boy—

"But one man of the crew alive,
Wot put to sea with seventy-five."

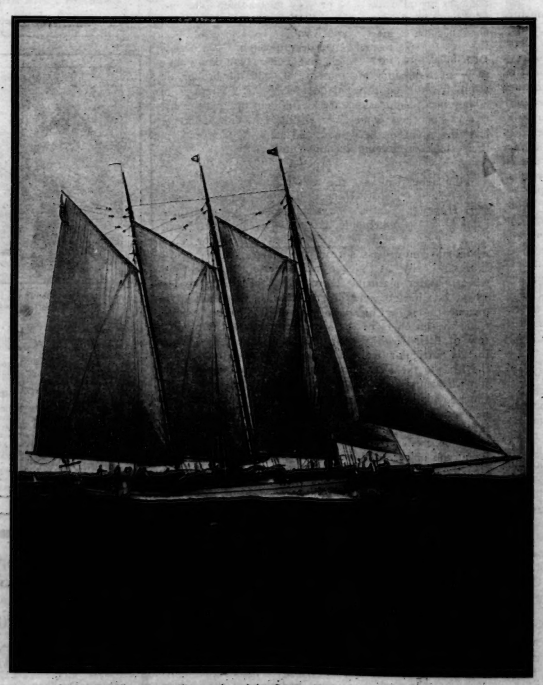
The ship had been wrecked on an island in the Pacific, whose inhabitants had promptly eaten all of the crew but himself, and he declared he owed his survival to his excessive use of tobacco. The Polynesians didn't think they would like him for food, so they let him live until a passing ship took him off.

The main facts of Longmuir's story were confirmed by circumstances and by the reports of his rescuers. He was a hale and handsome old man twenty years ago, and still held to this explanation of his escape, though his appearance suggested a different one. Tiny in stature, but beautifully formed, he was a perfect pocket Apollo, and perhaps the savages, regarding him as at the best likely to afford only a limited meal, for once allowed their aesthetic tastes to prevail over their material appetites.

Meme, an Eskimo lad who was taken to New York in 1896 by the explorer Peary, has grown weary of civilization, and is working his way through Canada back to the land of his fathers. The boy came from the region of the Humboldt glacier on the nortwest coast of Greenland, his people being the most northerly race, living within two hundred and eighty miles of the Pole. Meme is the last survivor of a small party of Eskimos which accompanied Peary back to New York. All the others died of tuberculosis. His father's body was embalmed and put on exhibition with other relics of the expedition, and the skeleton is now on view in the Museum of Natural History in New York. Meme was adopted by the superintendent of the museum and it was while attending Manhattan College that he decided to go back to the "land of the midnight sun."

Arrangements are being made for the renewal of the boundary monuments between Canada and the United States all the way from the Bay of Fundy, on the east of the continent, to Vancouver on the west. The old land monuments have in many cases became overgrown with timber, and the water boundary is not at all clearly defined. A considerable part of the work will be done this summer. Plans will also be perfected for the definite and permanent marking of the boundary between Canada and Alaska, which has been surveyed but not marked.

Since January 1, 1908, Canada has spent $1,932,708 in building new drill halls and armories. The value of such buildings now under construction is $707,824.



Azaya, auxiliary recently purchased by George H. Gooderham, M.P.P., of Toronto. Dimensions: 113 feet over all, 85 feet water line, beam 21 feet. Equipped with 60 horse-power motor.

NATURAL LAXATIVE

Hunyadi János

MINERAL WATER

FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS & CHEMISTS

A gentle and wholesome Laxative Water plays an all important part in maintaining good health. It regulates and tones up the system. Try a bottle and drink half a glass on arising in the morning.

A BOTTLE CONTAINS MANY DOSES

MANUFACTURERS OF ARTISTIC

GAS & ELECTRIC FIXTURES

THE JAMES MORRISON BRASS MFG. CO. LIMITED
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You are invited to call and inspect our goods For comparison on prices.

DEWAR'S
"Special Liqueur"
is soft, mellow and fragrant!

25¢ PER PACKAGE

ALBANY CIGARETTE

A High Grade Smoke of Distinctively Delicate Flavor.

MADE BY C. & E. HAWKINS MONTREAL

For Sale in Toronto by

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RED-MAN BRAND FIRWOOD EARL & WILSON

"The Talk of the Town"

Sold by Leading Haberdashers at 3 for 50c.

Made by the Makers of Trade Mark E&W, Collars

A THING OF JOY FOR EVER

This particularly applies to our Hercules Bed Springs and our celebrated Gold Medal Felt Mattresses, grade A. These two make the best combination possible—good enough for a palace and cheap enough for any home. One month's trial free. If your dealer does not keep them, write us.

THE GOLD MEDAL FURNITURE MFG. CO., LTD.
TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG

REMEMBER THAT
SYMINGTON'S
EDINBURGH
COFFEE ESSENCE
TAKEN TO
BREAKFAST
BRACES UP THE SYSTEM FOR THE DAY.

Some daily care your Teeth must have.
BY first dipping your tooth-brush into a tin of
CALVERT'S
Carbolic Tooth Powder
the cleaning is made more complete and satisfactory.
The use of this popular dentifrice ensures a real antiseptic cleansing, helps the toothbrush to do its work easily, thoroughly, and pleasantly, and thus assists your efforts to preserve the teeth in the best possible condition.
15 cts., at your druggists. For trial sample send 2 ct. stamp to F. C. CALVERT & CO., 349 Dorchester St. West, Montreal.

"CEETEE" UNDERWEAR
FOR
Canadian Spring
Still wearing your winter underwear? Beastly uncomfortable, you say, and you are afraid to change for fear of catching cold. Quite sensible, if you are in the habit of changing from wool to cotton. Ask your dealer to show you the spring weights in "CEETEE" PURE WOOL Underwear. This is the underwear in light weights that is safe to don at this time of the year without risk of taking cold.
Made in Silk and Wool Cashmere. Australian Merino Wool and fine India gauze in medium and light weight wools. Ask your dealer about the advantages of wearing "CEETEE" woolen underclothing.
We manufacture it in all styles for men, women and children.
1607
THE C. TURNBULL CO. OF GALT, LIMITED
GALT, - ONT.
Established 1859
GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE CEETEE PURE WOOL

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
Removed by the New Principle
De Miracle
a revelation to modern science. It is the only scientific and practical way to destroy hair. Don't waste time experimenting with electrolysis, X-ray and depilatories. These are offered you on the BARE WORD of the operators and manufacturers. De Miracle is not. It is the only method which is endorsed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines. Booklet free, in plain sealed envelope. De Miracle mailed, sealed in plain wrapper, for $1.00 by De Miracle Chemical Co., 1012 Park Ave., New York. Your money back without question (no red tape) if it fails to do all that is claimed for it. For sale by all first-class druggists, department stores and
The Robt. Simpson Co., Limited
TORONTO

THE ROUND THE WORLD COLLVER TOURS ALL EXPENSES INCLUDED BEST IN TOURS
TWELVE MONTHS' TOUR, leaving August 4; Wonderful Itinerary, both sides of the Equator, $4500
REMARKABLE 9 MONTHS' TOUR, October 9, $3450
DELIGHTFUL 7 MONTHS' TOURS, October, November and December. $2750
ABSOLUTELY NOVEL TOUR, leaving October 16, and including South Africa, Australasia and Fiji Islands (7 months) $2250
Not only "All Expenses," but a perfect environment.
SHORTER ROUND the WORLD JOURNEYS at $1450, $1950, and $2100; departures the year 'round.
SOUTH AMERICA, September 4
The Collver Tours are in a class apart. Mention the Itinerary Desired.
COLLVER TOURS COMPANY
428 Boylston Street, Boston

NOTES from NEW YORK

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

PAEANS of praise were Canada's portion at the annual banquet of the Canadian Club of New York, held at the Hotel Astor last week. She was measured for envious Americans in countless miles of arable lands; she was bushelled in millions of bags of wheat; she was burrowed with beaver-like industry for untold mineral wealth of gold, silver and copper; she was fished from the cod-banks of Newfoundland to the salmon runs of British Columbia; she was spread out in square miles of orchard that sent odors of blossom to heaven in spring-time, and dropped ripe fruits into her abundant lap in autumn; she was a garden of memory where scent of rose and jasmine mingled with the murmur of pines or the lapping of waters; she was a Sabbath of peace, a land of righteousness and God-fearing villagers, to whom the church bell was music and a call from labor to rest and worship.

From President Neil Macphatter's lyrical rapture on "Our Native Land," where "morning glories sipped the drops of morning dew," to Sir James Grant's holy swan song which concluded the feast, everything was Canada and Canada was everything. "We're a great people," says Mr. Dooley. "We ar-re that. And the best iv it is, we know we ar-re." Many might envy but none could doubt Canada's economic greatness after the speeches of that night. Hon. Frank Oliver was there with the facts, dry facts it is true, but nourishing, and Hon. George E. Foster, with commendable patriotism, overlooked party differences and backed him up. Mr. Foster's mood seemed particularly agreeable throughout, I thought. Whether it was simply the influence of Canadian Club, or whether the mellowing influence of time has wrought a permanent change, it was not the Mr. Foster we have known heretofore.

In this agreeable new mood, Mr. Foster made a number of important admissions. For instance, while pleading eloquently for the return of her sons to Canada, he assured us that great changes for the better had taken place in Canada in the last ten or fifteen years. Of course he did not go as far as Mr. W. O. Sealey of of Mountain city fame, and credit this change entirely to Sir Wilfrid's preferential policy—he was not as amiable as that—but he did admit the development and the New Canada. And the co-incidence of dates is not to be overlooked. He also admitted that his own rough and ready plans of a few years back for the building up of the nation had undergone changes. Confronted with the first of these admissions, he would probably say that the rich harvest which the Laurier government was reaping was the result of the wise sowing of the seeds of protection. In fact, come to think of it, one could read that thought, by implication at least, between the lines of his speech. He took a rise out of the old free traders, now extinct in Canada, he says, and declared protection to be the established policy of the country. Reciprocity pilgrimages to Washington he also referred to as things of the past, and annexation sentiment, he reminded any covetous neighbors in hearing, was as dead as the Catacombs of Egypt. Under the circumstances this was perhaps rubbing it in somewhat, and lest any chance ray of hope still lingered, he proclaimed Canada's political destiny to be Imperialism.

Of more immediate and material concern to New York, however, was Mr. Oliver's utterance, that Canada would develop her own water-ways to the sea and compete with American ports for supremacy in the transportation of her vast resources.

Vice-President Sherman, or "Sunny Jim" as he is popularly, if irreverently, known on this side, was unable to attend and sent a letter of regret. Likewise, M. Jusserand, French Ambassador to Washington, and Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux. This left no front rank representatives from either side. At some future banquet it is sanguinely hoped that the Premier of Canada and the President may meet. The flow of oratory will then be much more impressive.

The quality of the present sample that most impressed itself, perhaps, was the seriousness, not to say dryness of Canadian addresses. I was asked if this was characteristic. The only speaker who contributed anything to the mirth of the night was Senator Cushman, who filled the gap left by the Vice-President. His humor so impressed Sir James Grant, who by the way seemed bent on making awards, that he promptly awarded him Mark Twain's place among American humorists. Even allowing for the contrast, which of course misled Sir James, Mr. Cushman proved a highly entertaining speaker. He realized, he said, that the Panama Canal, on which he was to speak, was a dry subject—as yet—and proved it by keeping the diners in a gale of laughter. For all that, however, he contrived to tell us a good deal about the canal.

Mr. George Tate Blackstock, who was to speak on "Our Chance and Our Responsibility," concluded that we had had enough dry stuff and begged off. Mr. D'Arcy Scott, of Ottawa, whom we wanted to hear, modestly confessed a fellow feeling that made him wondrous kind, and likewise forbore. Hon. Dr. Pyne only took time to say that the Canadian Club of New York was a revelation to him. Other Canadians who had come down for the occasion were: Mr. Hugh Guthrie, of Guelph; Mr. George H. Cowan, M.P., of Vancouver; Mr. W. G. Raymond, President of the Canadian Club of Brantford; Mr. John B. Davidson, President of the Canadian Club, St. Thomas; and Mr. Eric Armour, of your own Canadian Club of Toronto, who early distinguished himself as the leader in the conviviality.

Of course, no Canadian Club affair in New York would be complete without the recognition of the kilts. We entered the dining hall to the "skirling" of bag-pipes, and later endured a solo on the squealy pig-skin. Personally I have nothing against the pipes, but I like to dictate the distance at which they shall be played. To be shut in a room with them does not do them justice. Caledonia spring water, furnished by the C. P. R., was another and more agreeable contribution to Scottish sentiment.

The cover of the menu card was artistic and symbolic. It showed a picture of Uncle Sam stretching out his hand to coy young Canada just peering over the horizon's rim. While thus occupied, an eagle and a beaver were surreptitiously tapping a keg of Canadian Club below.

* * *

WITH the running of the Metropolitan handicap at Belmont, the opening of Coney Island in a coat of fresh kalsomine and paint and a thermometer hovering in the eighties, the summer season may be declared officially opened. The Belmont meet brought a crowd variously estimated at from eight to ten thousand. This was considered a remarkably good showing considering the restricted opportunities for betting. According to turf authorities, a race without betting is like pie without cheese. Recent legislation prohibiting this interesting side feature to their minds therefore spelled the doom of racng. The present meet is more or less in the nature of a test. It is not an actual test, for the reason that, pending a decision of the Court of Appeals, oral betting—the latest device of the betting fraternity to defeat the purpose of anti-gambling legislation—at least may be indulged in. That decision, moreover, may also be conveniently held over until the racing season is concluded. Meanwhile a curious condition exists. Odds are not taken and no record is kept, but wagers are nevertheless made freely by oral communication and left to memory. The system works a hardship on the uninitiated, but those who understand the code have little difficulty.

Society was out in all its glory, and America's most beautiful race track never looked lovelier than on opening day.

To the great public, however, the opening of Coney Island was of vastly more interest, 125,000 people, it is estimated, flocking to the resort on that day.

* * *

ALL signs point to a rapid dissolution of the theatrical season. No new plays are announced for the forthcoming week, and only the most successful of existing plays are announcing a continuance. One or two theatres will try the experiment of keeping open all summer. "The Blue Mouse" has moved over to Maxime Elliott's theatre with that object, and "The Third Degree" will probably make a similar attempt at the Hudson. "What Every Woman Knows," the most successful play of the season, will conclude its run in June. "The Easiest Way," "The Dawn of a To-morrow," and "The House Next Door" will govern their runs by weather conditions.

J.E.W.

A Painter and His Picture.

WHEN noblemen start in to dispose of any of the precious trifles which decorate their castle walls—or which perhaps they have loaned to the National Art Gallery—they are apt to run against unexpected obstacles. The Duke of Norfolk recently had that experience when he attempted to sell a bit of the ducal bric-a-brac. The artistic trifle in question was the famous picture of Christina of Denmark by Holbein the Younger, and the price agreed on was $305,000. The picture has been hanging for nearly thirty years in the National Gallery; and it is supposed that the Duke's reason for disposing of it is the tax which has been placed on such works of art. Feeling therefore that he really could not afford this luxury, the head of the British peerage sold it. But now pops up a barrister busybody who has made a specialty of nosing among mouldy old records, and he states that the Duke has no right to dispose of the picture, inasmuch as he has no more than a life interest in it, and it is entailed along with all the rest of the estate. What the upshot of it all will be is hard to tell, but if the unfortunate nobleman is forced to keep his picture and also pay taxes on it his condition will truly be a pitiable one.

In the meantime public attention has been called amongst other things to one of the great old masters of portraiture, Hans Holbein. He was the son of another Hans Holbein, commonly distinguished as the Elder, and was born at Augsburg about the year 1497. After spending some years at Basel in Switzerland, where he devoted himself to religious painting with fine artistic and small financial results, he crossed over into England in 1528. Here he took up portrait painting, and his success was from the first very pronounced. He spent in England almost all his remaining life. The portraits which he made there of the great worthies constitute a series of the very greatest historical value and also on the highest plane of artistic achievement. Those portraits have nearly all been made familiar in countless reproductions, and everyone has seen their harsh but wonderfully characteristic outlines. The German master had a wonderful eye for personality, and a bold and cunning hand in throwing it on canvas. And the result is that his stiff figures have a life and vitality unequalled in these days of graceful pose and smooth finish.

"Far Niente!"

CHEESE and bread where green boughs dance,
A draught from my hands by the rill-side,
And then to lie with half-shut eye,
Stretching my limbs in drowsy trance
While over me the crickets prance,
And the sun beats warm on the hillside.

Oh, what to me in such an hour
Would be the wealth of ages?
I'd pour the dross upon the moss,
And turn to watch the sun's bright power
Live, quivering gold through the branches shower,
For the joy of fools and sages.

LESTER RYAN.

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At start of 220-yard Exhibition Run, at Britannia Park, Hamilton, Ont., on Saturday last

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

A GREAT many people are spending an hour after the theatre in enjoying a little bit of supper and the beautiful music of the Hungarian Band. McConkey's cafe is quite full, and gay groups of ladies and gentlemen find it very enjoyable. On Monday night several little dinners were given, one being a *parte-carree*, whose table was daintily done in red favors, and the grape fruit glasses tied with cunning bows of red ribbon. On Tuesday evening the round table held a party of six ladies who met after a dinner up-town, a visit to Shea's, and in one case, a busy evening's work, to relax and rest in the charming violin playing of the leader and the very expert and clever work of the cymbals player, who is an able manipulant of Hungary's national instrument. It all recalls that series of forty concerts given in the great hall of the "Permanent Exhibition" in Front street years ago, when Gerey's Hungarians played so well, and her uncle and cousin of the Gypsey Rigo, now married to the ex-Princess Chimay, were members of the band.

Owing to the curious fact that there were recently two Mrs. Reynolds, each having a daughter, and living in Elm avenue, some confusion has arisen in the announcements of their plans for the summer. Mrs. and Miss Reynolds, now of Elm avenue, have gone to England, but Mrs. Reynolds and her daughter Mrs. Ellwood Moore, of Winnipeg, are now at the Queens, and the latter and her husband will leave shortly for their home in the West. Mrs. Reynolds and Mrs. Moore have been enjoying a visit to New York, shopping and seeing all the best theatrical offerings, and afterwards resting up for a time at the Welland, St. Catharines.

Mr. Boone of Bloor street east, returned from abroad where he has been taking very beneficial treatment, on Monday. His new house in Crescent road is now arising from its foundations and will doubtless be as handsome as the one he lately built, five doors to the east, and gave to his son on his marriage. Captain Boone is running a very fine motor car just arrived from France, and as nearly noiseless as such things can be.

Mrs. Harvey Skey held her postnuptial reception on Wednesday afternoon in her cosy apartments over the Bank of British North America on the corner of King and Dufferin streets, where a number of friends called to welcome as a matron one whom many had known as Nancy Johnstone, a charming southern girl, from Alabama. Mrs. Skey wore her *robe des noces*, a Directoire gown of ivory satin with handsome lace, and carried a boquet of mauve sweet peas. The reception room was pretty with pink and rose gladoli, palms and ferns, and the tea table was set in the dining room and centered with yellow tulips in a silver bowl. Mrs. Chris. Baines and Miss Baines and Mrs. Percy Scholfield (nee Skey) were in charge of the tea room, and the bride's sisters-in-law, Mrs. Lawrence Skey and Mrs. Russell Skey assisted in the drawing room.

Commander and Mrs. Spain are living in Crescent road, Rosedale. The former has gone into real estate, with Mr. J. Lewis Burnand.

Mr. Ogilvie, M.F.H., Montreal, will spend part of the May meeting in town, and will be at The Queens.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Hope are coming to visit Mrs. Harry Gamble, Mrs. Hope's sister, during the O.J.C. Races

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Christie returned from Ottawa early in the week. Colonel Stimson and Mrs. D. R. Wilkie went down for the State Ball last week.

Mrs. Cotton, who received in her new home. St. George street, on Tuesday and Wednesday for the first time since her arrival from Ottawa to reside here, was besieged by visitors on both days, very lovely days, fortunately. Mrs. Cotton has many old friends in Toronto, and new ones are hastening to welcome her also. Her pretty daughter, Miss Elsie, was assisting in the receptions this week, and Miss Flora Campbell Macdonald poured tea. The General "heroically" kept out of the way, while his house was filled with fair visitors, many of whom expected him to have been more courageous.

Mrs. Laybourne is leaving in ten days or so for a visit to her people on the Clyde. As the last of a happy family to embrace matrimony, she was greatly missed from her girlhood home, as one can easily believe after enjoying her bright and delightful society. Her Toronto friends will miss her, and welcome her back with great pleasure in the later summer.

I am told that the smart wedding in St. Andrew's Church next month will not, after all, be a military one.

Dr. and Mrs. Cecil Trotter are settled in their new house in North Forest Hill road.

Sir William and Lady Meredith will move into their new house in Rosedale the first of June.

Mr. and Mrs. Rousseau Kleiser, who have been staying with Mrs. Kleiser's mother in Crescent road, are going to housekeeping shortly.

It is lovely at the Caledon Trouting Club these days, and several men have been out for a short holiday there.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Skey have gone to Port Dover until Tuesday on a visit to Mr. Skey's parents.

Rev. G. M. Milligan, D.D., has been quite indisposed, but is now much better.

Another artist has got the Newfoundland bee, this time a fair lady, who is going down in July to get some studies of boats and the folk who man them.

Miss Gladys Boultbee, whose marriage to Mr. Hodge takes place next Wednesday, has been the guest of honor at several joyous functions recently, and the best of good wishes are hers from hosts of friends.

The cable from India announcing the death of Mrs. Hodgson, formerly Sydney Kingsmill, aroused great sympathy and regret. Her mother, Mrs. J. Juchereau Kingsmill, and a sister, Mis Phyllis Kingsmill, were with the young mother, whose decease is, in all its circumstances, most pathetic and regrettable.

With fair weather for King's Plate Day, it bids fair to be a very smart and notable occasion. Their Excellencies will arrive in the State coach with postillions and a guard of honor, and will be welcomed by the president, Mr. Seagram.

Sir John and Lady Hanbury-Williams are to occupy Mrs. Shaw's flat in the Alexandra during the races. They arrived on Thursday night.

Mrs. Harley Roberts has been spending a short time in Toronto. She is looking very well, and everyone has been glad to see her again.

Mrs. Macdonald, of Goderich, has been a guest at Glenedyth, and has now gone to Hamilton on a visit. During her stay in Toronto she was the guest of honor at a number of entertainments. Last Monday Mrs. Charles MacDougall gave a luncheon for Mrs. Macdonald, among the guests being Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. Hume Blake, Mrs. George Brown, of London; Mrs. Hay, Mrs. Theodore Brough. Mrs. Ernest Heaton gave a tea for Mrs. Macdonald, when about sixty guests were entertained. Mrs. Theodore Brough gave an afternoon for her sister-in-law, inviting a number of Mrs. Macdonald's old friends.

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BOOKS

THE picture that the average reader of the present generation carries in his mind of George Meredith is that of a grey, frail old man, his work in life at an end, taking the air in a donkey-chaise. That is the picture seen of him most frequently of late in the English illustrated papers. The caption of the picture has always referred to him as the greatest of living English novelists or the last of England's great novelists. We have believed this caption to be true, and we have looked with respect and admiration at the picture of the detached figure of the master craftsman so near to his grave. But now that he has gone, how many of us, in speaking of his passing, can say we really know his work? How many readers of this page can recall a line of any of his poems? How many can tell the story or the purpose of even one of his novels, or can call up a clear memory of a single character in any of them? Outside of a comparatively small circle, people have found the reading of Meredith too great a strain upon their powers of concentration. And this is to be greatly regretted, for his novels are full of subtle philosophy and brilliant epigrams.

The other evening I opened fourteen of Meredith's novels, a volume of his short stories, and a book of his poems. Nowhere could I find an inviting spot at which to commence reading—such a spot as one could find on any page of Dickens for example. Of the fourteen novels only four appeared at all promising at the start. One of the most important, "Diana of the Crossways," opens with this two-sentence paragraph:

"Among the Diaries beginning with the second quarter of our century, there is frequent mention of a lady then becoming famous for her beauty and her wit: 'An unusual combination.' In the deliberate syllables of one of the writers, who is, however, not disposed to personal irony when speaking of her. It is otherwise in his case; and a general fling at the sex we may deem pardonable, for doing as little harm to womankind as the stone of an urchin cast upon the bosom of Mother Earth: though men must look some day to have it returned to them, which is a certainty:—and indeed full surely will our idle-handed youngster, too, in his riper season, be heard complaining of a strange assault of wanton missiles, coming on him he knows not whence; for we are all of us distinctly marked to get back what we give, even from the thing named inanimate nature."

As to the short stories, here is the opening sentence of one entitled "The Case of General Ople and Lady Camper":

"An excursion beyond the immediate suburbs of London, projected long before his pony-carriage was hired to conduct him, in fact ever since his retirement from active service, led General Ople across a famous common, with which he fell in love at once, to a lofty highway across a famous common, with which he promptly exchanged his heart, and so gradually within a stone's throw or so of the river-side, where he determined not solely to bestow his affections, but to settle for life."

Another, "The Tale of Chloe," starts thus:

"A proper tenderness for the Peerage will continue to pass current the illustrious gentleman who was inflamed by Cupid's darts to espouse the milkmaid, or dairymaid, under his ballad title of Duke of Dewlap: nor was it the smallest of the services rendered him by Beau Beamish, that he clapped the name upon her rustic Grace, the young duchess, the very first day of her arrival at the Wells."

One can imagine what would happen to a cub reporter who should offer his city editor a "story" commencing with such a sentence as any of these! It will be noted that commas are seemingly introduced in Meredith's sentences not solely for the purpose of punctuation but to provide breathing spaces for the reader. To wrestle with these sentences means not relaxation but study. Yet at times there is magnificence to his style, as compared to which our modern journalese is pathetically futile. And as to Meredith's insight and his grasp of the things worth while in life, it is well not to make any comparisons.

* * *

One of the noteworthy novels of the year is "The Three Brothers," by Eden Phillpotts, just published in Canada by the Macmillan Company. Mr. Phillpotts has been "placed" by more than one critic of repute as the finest English novelist of the day, after Hardy; and the discerning reader after going through "The Three Brothers" will scarcely quarrel with this classification. Both these writers belong to what has been called the Vegetable School, and an able reviewer in the dignified Atlantic Monthly condescends to make a pun on the subject. He points out that the name admirably fits the fashion in which these authors introduce their characters, reminding one, as it does, of the classification of species in a seed catalogue. Then he remarks that the novels of Mr. Phillpotts suggest the phrase "Hardy Herbaceous Perennials Continued."

"The Three Brothers" has its faults. It is over long by reason of too much discussion on profound matters by the rustic people of the book. Yet it is a masterly novel—one that is not so much a story as a picture as broad as life of a narrow Devon countryside and the narrow people dwelling there. It concerns the tragedies of a family, and incidentally the tragedies of a parish; there is little comedy to the tale. The three brothers, Baskerville by name, are of very different types. One is stolid, hard-working, ordinary. One is good-natured, rather vain, extremely popular, but a man of weaknesses and mistakes, who dies a bankrupt, having foolishly speculated with the money of others entrusted to his care. The third, Humphrey, is a cynic, disliked and avoided. But he is of stronger fibre, mentally and morally, than the others, and he constantly ponders on the deep things of human life. The theme of the novel is the development of Humphrey Baskerville's character—how he learns that mercy and charity are greater than justice; how he rights his brother's wrongs; and how, finally, the carol-singers visit him first of all in making their rounds on Christmas eve.

* * *

"Heroines of Canadian History," by W. S. Herrington, of Napanee, is a purposeful little volume issued by William Briggs, publisher, Toronto. Chapters are devoted to Marguerite de Roberval, Madame de la Tour, the founders of the Ursuline Convent, Mademoiselle Mance, Madeleine de Vercheres, Sarah Defield, Laura Secord, Abigail Becker, Sarah Maxwell, and unrecorded heroines. The price of the volume has been put at a low figure in order that it may be largely used in the public schools, and it is to be hoped that copies will be numerously circulated among the young people of the Dominion. Such books as these are very useful in stimulating the growth of the national spirit, and in presenting facts of history in attractive form.

* * *

The revised edition for 1909 of "5,000 Facts About Canada," compiled by Frank Yeigh and published by the Canadian Facts Publishing Co., 667 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, has just been issued. This little volume is a very useful work of reference, and the fact that about 25,000 copies of last year's edition were sold is a sufficient indication of its popularity.

* * *

"The Gateway to Silverland," by Anson A. Gard, published by the Emerson Press, Toronto, is a volume of much interest to everyone desiring information concerning Canada's world-famous silver region. It is, in fact, three books in one, comprising "The Gateway to Silverland" (North Bay), "The Real Cobalt," and "Silverland and Its Stories." The early history of all the towns and camps in what is broadly termed the Cobalt country is given, together with a mass of details regarding the marvellous discoveries there and the men who made them. The volume also contains a large number of illustrations showing the progress being made in New Ontario—pictures of towns and fine buildings, of big mining plants, and of many of the pioneers and present-day hustlers of "silverland."

* * *

"Songs of Sentiment" is a volume of poems published in very attractive form by William Briggs, Toronto, for its author, H. Gardner Cattapani, who is, I understand, the American wife of a nobleman rather closely related to a European monarch. The book is for private circulation only, and for this reason public criticism of its contents, although invited, will scarcely be of value to any one, excepting, perhaps, to the author herself. However, a glance through the volume suggests the saying of a word or two on the general principles of verse-making, which may not be profitless.

The verse dashed off by amateur poets is generally commonplace—it clothes no sentiment with originality, it stirs no memory, it stimulates no emotion. Yet it is almost as difficult to explain why a commonplace bit of rhyme lacks appeal to heart and mind as it is to teach perception as one would teach arithmetic. There is a certain failing, however, very general among amateur versifiers, which can perhaps be considered to some purpose. It may be granted that every one who essays to write poetry is prompted to do so by thoughts and feelings that are admirable. He, or she, dreams, to some extent, of the beauties of life and nature, and seeks to express these dreams. But it is interesting to observe that the unpractised verse-writer—as well as many who are thought to be accomplished—instead of suggesting thoughts of beauty or love, or whatever the theme may be, merely repeats in his lines the words that stand for these things. Take the average poem on love, and you will find it is little more than a list in rhyme of words and phrases synonymous of the word love. The harp of life with all its strings of love and beauty is in plain view of all the world. The poet must do more than point to the strings and repeat the names of what they stand for. He must play upon them, and he will invoke their spirit to a degree in accordance with his insight, his feeling, and his skill as a performer.

But to return to "Songs of Sentiment." A little poem called "The Harvest I Never Sowed" is the best of the collection. The versification is excellent, and it draws from the harp of which I have spoken a very agreeable chord or two. HAL.

"Married his stenographer, didn't he?" "Yes, and he's been shorthanded ever since."—Puck.

"Give up hope all ye who enter here," was Dante's idea of a fitting inscription for the gate of the infernal regions; but when it comes to giving up there is a place right here in Toronto that has Hades going some. No woman who entered its portals could help giving up all she had—even unto car tickets—and no man born of woman but would be filled with horror at the thought of it. And yet the agents of all this commotion are just gowns—fluffy, ruffly, glimmering, shimmering gowns, gowns of all kinds of color and all kinds of shape, gowns that would look ravishing at dinner, and gowns that would make one forget the horses at Woodbine, and gowns that one and all bear great names. This is one connection where no one who knows ever doubts there being anything in a name. A woman may not know whether Botticelli is the name of a wine or a cheese, or Scott's Emulsion from Scott's "Ivanhoe"; but when it comes to Paquin and Worth she never hesitates. And all these are reasons why the display of imported gowns at the Simpson store is so apt to be destructive of the peace of mind of trusting females and the marital happiness of husbands. The gowns are part of the stock taken over from Rea & Co., and are being sold at reduced rates. On account of racing week good odds are being given and everyone who lays money is guaranteed a winner.

A Word to Ladies in Regard to Woodbine Costumes

AS you know, the Robert Simpson Company has recently taken over the Rea Store, together with its stock.

No one who has visited this unique little shop can have failed to become impressed with its ambitious standard. A positively lavish hand has gathered beautiful things from the big cities of Europe and from New York—gowns from Paris (including a Worth "creation"), coats from London and Vienna; suits from New York, hats from Paris and New York, lace coats and costumes from Switzerland and Belgium—everything *exclusive*, and in the ordinary course of trade, expensive.

We wish to clear this stock.

It has been marked at but a fair marginconsidering original costliness and the expenses of importation. We are accepting considerably less for the sake of immediate clearance.

Some examples picked from this remarkable stock at random:

Rich Wraps and Cloaks

A hipless Coat by Worth of Paris, made of tan Venetian, silk braid and fringe of same shade, forming a beautiful panel in front. Originally marked $200.00. Reduced to $135.00.

A Cloak of mauve poplin, trimmed with black, embroidered in gold. Originally $155.00. Reduced to $100.00.

Wrap of rose satin, bordered with self embroidery with tiny French knots of green. Originally $70.00. Reduced to $50.00.

A very rich Wrap of Brussels lace, embroidered in gold and grey, lined with Spanish lace, bordered with Liberty satin. Originally $175.00. Reduced to $110.00.

Exclusive Suits

Three-piece Suit of grey whale serge, embroidered in darker grey, touches of gold and cardinal, a very striking model by Worth. Originally $135.00. Reduced to $90.00.

Two-piece Suit of amethyst prunella cloth, embroidered in lighter shade, touches of gold. Made in Paris. Originally $100.00. Reduced to $65.00.

Three-piece Suit of mulberry chiffon broadcloth, velvet or self trimming. Made in Paris. Originally $150.00. Reduced to $95.00.

Three-piece Suit of prunella cloth, ashes of roses, embroidered in black and roses, touches of pale blue and gold, fishnet sleeves and yoke, embroidered in blue and gold. Originally $125.00. Reduced to $75.00.

Three-piece Suit of Rajah, trimmed with Persian and soutache braids, embroidered in rose and blue. Originally marked $125.00. Reduced to $75.00.

Three-piece Suit of black Rajah, self embroidered, trimmed with touches of silver. Originally marked $225.00. Reduced to $150.00.

Three-piece Suit of black prunella, embroidered in black, cut jet buttons. Made in New York. Chiffon yoke, high collar, touches of gold. Originally marked $175.00. Reduced to $90.00.

Three-piece Suit of cream chiffon broadcloth, trimmed with soutache braid and emerald green, made by Paquin of Paris. Originally marked $75.00. Special, $50.00.

Three-piece Suit of sky blue marquesette, hand embroidered, with soutache braid, self, touched with silver. Made in New York. Originally marked $175.00. Reduced to $125.00.

Princess Gowns

Gown of Irish crochet and Princess lace. Made in Vienna. Originally $240.00. Reduced to $135.00.

Gown of grey prunella cloth, embroidered in darker grey, fishnet sleeves and yoke, trimmed with silver and blue. A New York dress. Originally $150.00. Reduced to $95.00.

Princess Gown of French twill in cream, trimmed with soutache braid, fishnet sleeves and yoke, also richly braided with cream soutache. Made in New York. Originally $97.00. Reduced to $65.00.

Gown of reseda green satin, embroidered in lighter shade, baby Irish lace yoke, touches of silver and gold. Reduced to $60.00.

Paris Hats for Race Week Half Priced

Large white mohair, trimmed with osprey, Cavalier brim. Originally marked $50. Reduced to $35.

Lace, poke shape, Dresden effect, formed of French roses and forget-me-nots. Made by Virot of Paris. Originally $60. Reduced to $30.

A deep basket shape of cream fishnet, trimmed with orchids and maidenhair. Originally $33. Reduced to $25.

A model by Paul Virot of Place Vendome. Yeddah braid brim of dark amethyst shade in the inverted basket shape, crown of lilac, large bow of purple. Originally $48. Reduced to $24.

A charming Poke Bonnet of Tuscan braid, by Charlotte of Paris, trimmed with French roses and single delf-blue ribbon. Originally $60. Reduced to $30.

A model in Tuscan braid, draped crown of unbleached Leghorn, beautiful Bird of Paradise plumes. Originally $75. Reduced to $55.

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Cream Serge Suits, strictly tailored, plain, cream and hairline stripe, 3 button, cutaway, inlaid silk, collar and cuffs, $65.00.

Fawn French Panama Suit, plain tailored, with fancy buttons, a New York model, $58.00.

Exquisite Lingerie Dresses for Summer

White Batiste Lingerie Dresses, prettily embroidered by hand and trimmed with French Val. lace and insertion, $65.00 to $90.00.

Sky Blue Mull, in Princess style, with Maltese lace trimming and gulmp of tucked net, $40.00 to $85.00.

Irish Linen Dresses, hand embroidered and made Princess, in white, natural sky and mauve, $35.00 to $90.00.

Linen 3-piece Suits, in white and natural; coats made 42 inches long; dress made Princess; can be worn separate; trimmed with Persian lace, $50.00 to $75.00.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

HIS Excellency the Governor General and Countess Grey and their house-party arrived yesterday at Fallingbrook, and "The house of a thousand candles" was glowing with light last night. To-day, King's Plate Day, when the great race is on, their Excellencies will be here to see, and hope runs high in several directions that the King's Plate and the bag of sovereigns may come to some gee carrying colors that are "ours." *Nous verrons!*

Mrs. Paul Krell who has spent the winter in Biarritz and Paris, has returned to the Carlton Hotel, London, and is perfectly restored to health. In the great golf Prix de Ville Tourney, Mrs. Krell, who took up golf seriously last season, secured the second prize from eighty-four competitors. She is naturally very proud of the little cup, by winning which she has once more evinced the facility all her friends admire.

Mr. A. Cecil Gibson has returned to town. Mrs. Gibson is in London.

Mr. Clifford Brown arrived from Victoria, B.C., on Monday, and is spending some time in Toronto. He is an Easterner who has prospered excellently in the West.

Lady Allen has returned from abroad, and will be in town with Sir Montague during the May meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dyment are settled in the beautiful home in Elm Avenue, Rosedale—the Ryan place, which Mr. Dyment has leased during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Ryan abroad.

Mrs. Wallace Helliwell is a welcome visitor in town having come down recently to stay with her mother, Mrs. Edgar Jarvis. Her baby girl is worthy of such a handsome father and mother.

The bill at Shea's is so good this week that I am moved to mention it to my readers who like vaudeville. The little *melange* of opera numbers, sung by some clever men and women, garbed in Calabrian peasant gala attire, with a pretty stage setting of a square in Calabria, is really well gotten up. Miss Augusta Glose, a very pretty girl, is delightfully funny in her child recitations; and accompanies herself on the piano very cleverly. The varied costumes and poses as the Judy in the shop window, in love with the window-dressers, appealed hugely to the fair ones in the audience. "It is the best bill Shea's has had for a blue moon."

Another week almost devoid of interest socially, but finishing with great festivities for Opening Day at the Races has to be chronicled. So many people are away, so many occupied with sartorial matters, so many urged by paternal interest and affection to devote blank afternoons to the various College games and celebrations, that there have been scarcely any left to wine and dine. There was a gay gathering at the Hunt Club last Saturday night, and to-night it will be crowded. Their Excellencies will entertain next week and the following one, and society will arouse from the doze in which it has been indulging, owing to the loss of its usual stimulus in late April, the unhappily comatose Horse Show.

The Montreal Horse Show last week was a great success. His Excellency was there, and the Toronto horses made their usual fine showing.

Among the beautiful women at the State Ball on Friday was Mrs. R. J. Christie, who wore a gown of orchid satin and some handsome diamonds. The two Toronto brides, Mrs. George A. Cox and Mrs. Harry Housser were among the smart company, but the usual attendance from Toronto was not present. Matrimony, past, present, and to come, with its cares of house settling, wedding festivities, and preparations therefor have been occupying some of those who usually make a rendezvous at the State Ball, and alas! there are others whom only illness kept from taking part in a very successful event.

Bon voyage to Mrs. and Miss Wallbridge who sailed for England this week and will return in September. Also the Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Mann, and their son, who have gone abroad, and to Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto, in case they get away. One always is prepared to hear that some un-dodgable business has detained the railway-king, and I have heard that he has been known to wait for two months, and keep his ready-to-flit party waiting, packed and patient, for an escape from the business Octopus.

Mr. Beardmore of Chudleigh sailed for England yesterday from Montreal, by the Empress of Britain, and will return to town in August.

Hon. Allen Aylesworth and Mrs. Aylesworth have gone to England.

Mrs. Osborne of Clover Hill, who was expected home this month is detained in England by the indisposition of her little daughter Margaret, and may not be home for some time.

Owing to the accident to the Tunisian in the ice off Cape Race, she has been in St. John's, Nfld., harbor for repairs, and missed her sailing this week, so that several Torontonians booked for her have taken other boats, changing plans and dates of sailing.

Mr. and Mrs. Ambridge of Bernard Avenue, have moved to 142 Close Avenue, Parkdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wright of Crescent Road, are sailing from England for Canada next Friday.

May 10 was not "a pretty day," but despite the weather the lecture hall at the Conservatory was filled with ladies and gentlemen, students of few years, but aptitude in the French tongue, all assembled to hear Madame A. Bivert's last causerie and declamation musicale. It was gratifying to Madame Bivert to see such a good turnout of her friends, and she more than did herself justice. Artistically it was probably her best effort this season. The music was excellently rendered by Mrs. Francis Coombs. Among the audience were Lady Moss, Lady Edgar, the Misses Edgar, Principal Hutton, Professor de Champ, Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright and a party of friends, Master and the Misses Rochereau de la Sabliere, the Misses Caldwell, Miss Brough, Miss Wilson, Mrs. C. McInnes, Mrs. Goodair, Mrs. Winnett and a party of friends, Mr. Keith Hicks, Miss Wood, Miss Grube, Miss Virtue, Miss Randall and a group of fair Havergal students, some of whom kindly acted as ushers before the causerie began. Although the hall was filled, quite a number who had purchased tickets were debarred by the weather from being present.

Dr. and Mrs. Cattermole, of Penetang, who have been on a visit to friends in Sarnia and London, were in town for several days this week, registered at the King Edward. They returned home on Thursday.

Sometime ago, when one summed up the elegancies of a London ball, costumes, supper, flowers, the finishing touch was to mention that the music was provided by the "Blue Hungarian Band." What sunlight is to candlelight The Blue Hungarian Band is to the common or garden orchestra! There is Hungarian music in the big down town restaurant this race meet, and the properest caper imaginable is to eat one's evening or mid-day meal to the entrancing strains of the swarthy tzigane players.

Among those who have already booked at the Royal Muskoka for the holiday season are Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Haas and four sons. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lee and their family, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Sullivan and their family, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Lennox and their family, and Mr. and Mrs. Worts Smart. Last season a party of New York people spent the season at the Royal Muskoka, and liked it so well that they are returning, bringing their friends with them, in the latter part of June, to spend the season.

The engagement of Mr. Torrance Beardmore, elder son of Mr. A. O. Beardmore, and Miss Norah Niven, of London, has been announced.

The President and Directors of the Ontario Jockey Club are giving a luncheon at the Woodbine next Tuesday at a quarter past one o'clock, to which guests are invited to meet Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Countess Grey. A special car leaves the Queen's Hotel at high noon, 12·30, for the convenience of invited guests only.

Invitations are out to the marriage of Miss Elizabeth Madele Pearson, last daughter of Mr. Edwin Pearson, and Mr. Lewis Montbrooke Brophy, which will be celebrated on June 5th in St. Peter's Church at half-past two o'clock, the ceremony being followed by a reception at Mr. Pearson's residence, 311 Avenue road. This marriage is the fourth in Mr. Pearson's family, each of his daughters in the order of seniority having made the happiest of matches. Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Duncan and Mrs. Delmar Cavendish in turn have been brides any father might be proud to lead to the altar. The sprightly youngest daughter, known as "Madele" in her intimate circle, is to complete the quartette on June 5th.

Sir Glenholme and Lady Falconbridge have decided to let or sell their place in Isabella street, as it is too large now that all their children are married and settled in homes of their own. The last daughter, Mrs. Douglas Young, is spending some time with her next sister, Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, while Captain Young is in England for the Horse Show at Olympia next month, and later on Captain and Mrs. Young will take up house in Glen road. Lady Falconbridge left this week to visit her daughter, Mrs. Vincent Hughes, in Montreal, and Sir Glenholme is out of town on judicial duty for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Blackburn are at Miss Kilner's, Lake Shore road, Centre Island.

Mr. and Mrs. George Chavignaud are settled in a nice old place at Lambton Mills, with fine grounds and trees. Mr. Chavignaud, O.S.A., has since his last exhibition in Toronto been two years on the Continent. Lovers of his beautiful art will welcome him back and hope soon to see his later successes.

I have received several notices of engagements which have not been published because neither name nor address of those sending them in were given. To make public any irresponsible news of this description is strictly against the rules of this paper. Persons leaving or sending notices of engagements must sign them, and add their address to insure insertion.

The shockingly sudden death of Mr. J. M. Treble, which occurred in the board room of the Massey-Harris Company at noon on Monday from an attack of heart-failure, has aroused very great sympathy for his gentle wife (formerly Lillian Massey of Euclid Hall). Mrs. Treble has been more or less an invalid all winter, and her husband had been the most untiring and devoted of men. Their life was an ideal of affection and harmony, and everyone who knew them will realize how keenly Mrs. Treble will suffer in the loss of her husband. She has always been a woman of such wide and practical sympathies with any plan for the bettering of hard conditions among her less dowered sisters, the women and girls who work for their living in this city, that hundreds will grieve for the sorrow which has smitten their gentle benefactress. Mr. Treble left a family of four children by a former wife, who mourn the loss of a model father. Miss Treble, the youngest, is one of the family circle at Euclid Hall. The others are Dr. Charles Treble of Grace Hospital, Mr. Arthur Treble of Hamilton, married last year to Miss Cotton of Spadina avenue, and Mrs. Terryberry of Grimsby. Mr. Treble was a pillar of the Metropolitan Church and treasurer of the church funds.

On Victoria Day, May 24, His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Gibson will give a State Dinner in honor of their Excellencies Earl and Countess Grey, at Government House.

The engagement of Miss May Worsley, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Worsley of Halifax, and Mr. Frank Russell, of Toronto, is announced.

"Yes," said Mrs. Lapsling, ostracized right away."—Chicago Tribune.

"Johnny's all right now. When he was bitten by that strange dog I took him to a doctor's and had the wound

poor man? I haven't had a bite for three days. Preoccupied Angler (without looking up)—Hard luck! Here, take a couple of trout!—Puck.

Migrant Matthew—Can you help a

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THE GOD OF THE LAGOON

By K. and HESKETH PRICHARD
(E. and H. Heron)

IN the foreground a dozen torches lit up a clearing crouched on the edge of the tropical forest. Up and down the slippery brown track that wound out of the trees through the cluster of nigger huts, with their steaming wattle roofs, a crowd of gesticulating negroes jabbered and jostled together in a squall of feverish excitement. Beneath them the swamp, haunted by its night noises, fell away into a hollow, but quickly merged into forest again. Above all, the moon hung silver pale, beating in almost visible waves of light through the white exhalations of the marsh.

Inside a wall-less hovel, and chained by the ankles to a wooden bar which ran across the centre of the place, were two men, the only whites within thirty miles. One of them, a gaunt, big-boned man, had propped his shoulder against the ant-eaten corner joist and surveyed the scene before him with dreamy remoteness.

Presently a horn sounded somewhere out of sight, the negroes trooped away, and in the comparative silence Gordon's companion spoke from the shadow at the other side of the hut.

"Now they've got us they'll murder us at leisure!" he said, in a hoarse, fever-cracked voice.

"We haven't a chance of escaping or of being rescued." Gordon shifted his shoulders against the wood. "Walters and O'Brien went down the river last week. No, we haven't the remotest ghost of a chance. It's no use blinking the matter."

"The brutes! What's wrong with them?"

"I suppose they couldn't resist the temptation; the odds enticed them. These things do happen periodically on these back-of-beyond plantations."

"They had no grievances?"

"No," agreed Gordon, "they hadn't. But they naturally prefer idleness to work, and that crop down by the river meant for them a full month of toil. There are thousands of *arrobas* there, if one."

"But what have we done to them? We've slaved as hard as any of them. Besides, their emancipation would not be out to-day if it hadn't been for your efforts," argued Chisholm wearily.

"I'm sorry for you, Chisholm; it's hard on you, after being here only a year," said Gordon, after a pause. "You can put most of the trouble down to Emio—Senhor Emio. He hates both of us. It's the touch of the tar-brush in his own hide that the man resents. Honestly, he'd kill us with torture merely because we happen to have been born pure white."

"With torture?" repeated Chisholm, with a shudder. "I'm not a coward at an ordinary time, Gordon, but this swamp fever has played the deuce with my nerves."

"That's about the worst of it; it always does," said Gordon. "Well, it's no use meeting sorrow half-way, but personally I wouldn't be disposed to put much on our chance of being alive in the morning. And now, old chap, if you don't mind, we'll drop conversation. There's a—ah—person away at home I'd like to think about as long as I can be sure of having any machinery left to think with."

II.

Men face to face with death are rarely talkative; they have too much to think about. No other word passed between the Englishmen. Gordon mopped his bleeding cheek as best he could on his knee and shoulder, while Chisholm, leaning up on one elbow, found himself vaguely counting the buttons on his own leggings. Yet both were keenly alive, alive with the alertness of every sense which only at such times comes to men. The minor sounds near by, the chittering of bats in the roof, the furtive rustlings in the thicket behind, seemed to pierce through the babel of the swamp, but all were drowned in the howls and shrieks with which the stream of blacks rushed down upon them to hale them before the judgment-seat of Emio.

Gordon they drove ahead, but Chisholm, who was literally too weak to walk, they dragged and shoved through the huts and along the damp path towards the front of the *Enghenio*, where a great fire lit up the scene, a core of red and black set in the white enchantment of the night.

Emio was seated in Gordon's long chair, his legs luxuriously stretched out. For a while he appeared to take no notice of the prisoners, but an ominous twitching flickered at the corners of his mouth.

When at length he ordered silence the circle gathered densely in.

"Gentlemen," began Emio, addressing the crowd. He was keeping a strong hand upon himself, but at the word he stopped, for Gordon, looking round the ring of black faces and gleaming eyes, smiled. "Look at him, look at the tyrant, he is sneering at you! We know how tyrannical he has been in his treatment of the colored gentlemen on these estates. He has pretended to give you freedom, but what have you gained? Is life sweeter? Don't you sweat and toil just as you have always done? The difference is only in name. Yet he expects you to be grateful. The laws of Brazil were not made for us, but for the tyrants. But now that you are free you have the right to make laws for yourselves. Use your rights, then, and judge this Gordon and the other as you please. Who can prevent you?"

"He's telling you lies," Gordon struck in. "You will be punished heavily for to-night's work. Have you forgotten what the Government did to the people on the Barumba plantation?"

Emio shrieked an order to silence him.

Into the intricacies of that mock trial there is no need to go. Vociferous blacks, men and women, elbowed and outyelled each other in their eagerness to heap up a mass of accusation. False witnesses were at a premium, and whenever the prisoners attempted to speak they were silenced at the instance of Emio by a dwarf negro, who beat them on the mouth with a club. At last the long and, to the court, delightful business came to an end. The prisoners were each found guilty.

"Have you anything to say for yourselves?" asked Emio.

Gordon, standing stark and tall, began to make answer; but he was not allowed to get very far, for he spoke of the vengeance which would most assuredly follow and fall, and he spoke of it in such a manner as to produce a visible effect on the black faces that surrounded him.

At length came the moment for the pronouncement of the sentence, and Emio arose from his chair and spoke.

"You know, children of the forest and swamp, that you are doing right," he said, in a high-pitched voice; "for has not the great Water-God shown himself to his people after so long a time? It is a sign. He will make you successful in your struggle for liberty. Fear nothing, therefore, but make ready to give him what he asks for. And besides"—his tones dropped to a persuasive cunning—"who will blame? We have seen one of them die—of fever. The other will have been lost—probably some accident in the forest. Make ready, then, for the night is passing, and when the sun rises your God will arise also and come forth."

Several negroes at this got round Gordon, and the confusion was deafening. Emio seemed to be arguing out some point, and finally he got his way, for a procession was roughly formed.

"Say farewell to your friend," he said, coming up to Gordon.

"What are you going to do with him?" Gordon asked.

Emio shrugged his shoulders.

"Who knows? We must leave him behind. Perhaps he will die now. No matter. To-night we intend to devote to you."

He turned away to give some orders, and Gordon, kneeling down beside Chisholm, saw he was moving a little.

"Good-bye, old chap," he whispered, but his only answer was the monotonous raving of the sick man.

The preparations for departure continued, and, very much mystified as to what was in store for him, Gordon was placed at the head of the little procession with Emio by his side. In this order, with the rabble following at their heels, they returned along the path, past the huts and the place where he and Chisholm had been kept prisoners, and so entered the forest. Here two or three men were sent ahead to clear the way. From this Gordon concluded that he was to be taken towards the river, which in part of its course spread out through miles of unreclaimed swamp and virgin forest. Also he noticed that the procession moved with increasing caution. The usual loquacity of the negroes was replaced by silence, a touch passing from one to another indicated a change of direction or a danger to be avoided. To Gordon the distance seemed interminable, and still the stealthy, uncanny procession held on its way.

"Come." Emio suddenly took the Englishman's arm and led him round through a deeper density of forest.

Gordon found himself at the head of a little game-track which wound down to the lagoon, where a great tree overhung against the pale light.

"Now, senhor, can you guess the manner in which you are to leave us for the next world?" Emio hissed softly in his ear.

Gordon's eyes ranged down the little trail to the great tree-branch that crossed it above and so beyond to the lagoon, which was but a deep backwater of the river. The lagoon lay in oily black smoothness and shot as a silk with silver where the moonlight fell upon it in delicate tracery. Through the gloom of the forest they could hear the hollow gulp and gurgle of the falling river. The night was overburdened with a wet heat, and the chorus of bull-frogs seemed to grow louder.

"You know now?"

"Upon my word, no," Gordon answered aloud.

A knife pricked him sharply in the side.

"Be silent. This, senhor, is in the nature of an experiment as far as I am concerned, but the people know more about these things. You see the branch over the track—the moon just catches it. Along that the great water-serpent lies and waits. Our people have watched a long time, but only lately has he been discovered."

"An anaconda; well?"

"You see, we would not wish to give you a common death, but this one—to wait through the long hours for the great serpent and then to feel his coils drop upon you. What do you think? Ha! ha! ha!" he laughed under his breath. "We will leave you tied there under the tree, and tomorrow, till the heat of the day, for it is often not until the heat of the day that the Water-God comes. After that we will return and look at you. The great snake, which these black fools worship, may or may not see fit to attend to your affair. If he does—well, there is an end of you. If not, why, we shall continue to come and look at you day by day. You will be very near the water, senhor, and I daresay you will be thirsty, so that whether the snake comes or not it will be all the same this day week! These idiots will pray that the God of the Lagoon may swallow you, as an omen, you understand. Antonio, Jose, bring the ropes."

Gordon, brave man as he undoubtedly was, could not repress a shudder at the thought of the horrible fate in store for him. He remembered the hints and rumors he had heard from time to time of the secret meetings of the blacks on the plantation, and in connection with these there flashed across his memory sinister tales of the hereditary rites which the forefathers of these peoples were said to have imported with them from the shores of Africa.

Everything became plain to him now—the strange God of which Emio spoke, to whom the negroes would give the praise of their successful revolt. He saw with what cunning the mulatto had turned their grotesque superstitions to serve his own purposes.

He remembered how the darkskin all the world over looks to the snake for the marvellous, how it forms the nucleus round which his superstitions centre. The guardian spirit of each Zulu takes the form of a snake, his *Ehlose*. The Hindoo worships the cobra, the Haytian Vaudoux worshipper offers human sacrifices to the harmless serpent. Further, Gordon knew that the African has no moral restraint in the matter. He will offer up his own flesh and blood, and he thinks himself blessed in doing so. How much more then would these raving negroes sacrifice him to their fetich.

There was a clear continuity in the whole plot. By means of the presence of the great water-snake Emio had incited the negroes to this foolish rising. He had doubtless encouraged them by pointing out that they were certainly under the protection of this father of serpents, and the curiously moulded minds of the newly emancipated slaves turned tumultuously towards so congenial a gospel.

Gordon felt to the full the irony, even the humor of the situation. To his own efforts in a great degree the negroes owed their lately acquired freedom, and to celebrate it they had decided to sacrifice him, their emancipator!

III.

At last he was alone. The negroes had trooped away silently. For a time Gordon's breath came in gasps that sounded thunderous in his own ears. The man's thoughts were terribly concentrated on his danger. The falling river still gulped in the far darkness; the moon had left the upper heavens dark and star-spangled. A crash sounded now and again from the depths of the forest, for in the forest it is never still. The minutes dragged out their unnatural length.

Lashed upright and motionless to a stake under the great tree, Gordon's mind wore round in a narrowing circle of imaginings. He might have many hours to wait before death came

(*Concluded on page 17.*)

ORANGE MEAT LEADS

IN a long series of digestion experiments carried on by Professor Harcourt, of the Guelph Agricultural College, with the Human Subject, taking all the necessary precautions to insure accuracy, he determined the digestibility of various cereals and furnished the following results:—

Percentage of the constituents digested:

	Organic Matter.	Calories per gram.
Orange Meat	93.4	3,733
White Bread	98.1	2,468
Entire Wheat Bread	94.8	2,256
Graham Bread	92.5	2,296

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!?. POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE .?!

Gypsy Smith is Facetious.

GYPSY SMITH may not be a higher critic. He may not think any more of higher criticism than either Hon. S. H. Blake or Dr. Elmore Harris, but if the good old Bible is good enough for the evangelist, he doesn't exactly adopt the old method of imparting its teachings. An incident at one of his Toronto meetings indicated the soul-saver's attitude toward the stereotyped and dignified method of piloting the wanderer to the penitent bench.

It was at the close of one meeting, which was to be followed by an after meeting. The sedate gentleman acting as chairman had just requested the ushers to see that the women departed by way of certain doors.

"Don't let a single woman out by that door," he admonished the assistants down below. Then Gypsy Smith rose to his feet, with this correction or addition: "And don't let a married woman out that way either."

"You will break up the meeting," the chairman said, in mild rebuke; but the evangelist would not stay rebuked.

"It will break up the stiffness, you mean," was the way he came back at the dignified chairman, who, however, eventually recovered from the shock.

An Impressive Phrase.

AN amusing story is told of two Ontario physicians who were called in as outsiders by the crown in the case of an insane patient who had died. They carefully went over the report on the condition of the deceased and came on the statement that his "orientation was defective." Now, as nearly as a layman can grasp it, the term orientation as applied to a person's mental state refers to his ability or inability to form a clear conception of anything, just as in surveying it refers to the ability to fix an exact location. The first physician, when he encountered the phrase, said:

"Yes, yes; I understand. Poor fellow."

And the second physician taking up the report added: "Orientation defective; that explains it."

After the formal duties were completed the second doctor said to his companion: "By the way, old man, what does 'orientation' mean?"

"I'm hanged if I know," said his more experienced colleague, "but it sounded good."

The Times and the Telegraphers.

THE London Times likes to have its correspondence from Canada sent over the Marconi route. The Canadian land telegraph companies have no working agreement with that phantom conveyer of intelligence, and they have been charging the Thunderer full local commercial rates—thirty cents for ten words, instead of thirty cents a hundred—for delivering the goods at Glace Bay to the Marconi Company. The Times has applied to the Railway Commission to have this discrimination put an end to. The telegraph companies advance as justification the fact that The Times's reports are very much condensed, to which Chairman Mabee replies that every one who uses the telegraph condenses as much as possible. Evidently Judge Mabee is a bit old-fashioned. The Times deserves sympathy in its pioneer support of the ethereal system, but it had better beware. The telegraph companies may introduce the method of charging by the ton, and Times's reports are reputed to be rather heavy.

A New One on Fife.

FOR William Fife, Jr., of Fairlie, Scotland, world famous designer of yachts for Sir Thomas Lipton, the young king of Spain, and other notables, the North American continent possesses one particular charm—its ice cream sodas. William, junior, a well-fed, grey-moustached Scot of sixty or so, was invited out to Canada a couple of years ago by Mr. Frederic Nicholls, of Toronto, to supervise the outfitting of the latter's yacht, Crusader, at Oakville. Fife had designed her.

E. K. M. Wedd, who sailed Crusader, took the great marine architect in tow and finally made the port and main street of Oakville, Ont. It was a boiling summer day and Wedd moored his charge at an ice cream soda bar ere they tackled the hot dusty hill down to the shipyard where the yacht lay.

Fife waited after the froth-topped concoctions had been placed before them, and watched Wedd suck the straw in his with evident relish. The drink was a new one to him, but when he tried the straw trick and found it worked well he gave a sigh of satisfaction, and the next sound to break the silence was the gurgling at the bottom when the glass was empty.

With true Fairlie taciturnity the great William asked no questions as they continued the journey. All that afternoon they toiled in the shipyard over templates and meta-centres and sail areas and cube roots of displacement. Suddenly the great Scot paused as though struck with an utterly new idea.

"A say, ma hear-r-ty," burred he in the speech of the Clyde, "what say ye till anither o' thae nice, sir-r-upy drinks?"

Making a Five.

IT was just the other day that a lawyer at Osgoode Hall slapped his knee and chortled to himself.

"I was just thinking," he said, "of what Pat Ferguson (that's W. N.) said to old Judge Ferguson one day.

"Pat was arguing a matter before the judge, and the judge was following him and was reading the papers which they say were in Pat's own handwriting. The case was full of figures, and almost every time the judge would read out an amount Pat would have to correct him. The judged stumbled along, making the best he could of the figures, but at last he stumbled again.

"'What's this—a five or an eight?' he demanded of Pat.

"'It's a five, My Lord.'

"'Can't you make a five better than that?' demanded His Lordship, angrily.

"Pat looked up at the angry judge with a twinkle in his eye and a smile playing about his mouth.

"'I find it very hard to make a five some days, My Lord,' he answered.

"But that was years ago."

"Choice Tomatoes!"

A PARTY of parliamentarians were gathered together at Ottawa the other evening awaiting leave to go home as soon as the House of Commons gave the signal when, somehow or other, the conversation drifted onto the Colchester election case of last year and its revelations about the importation into that country of whiskey in the guise of choice tomatoes, and one of the most popular officials of the House told a good story upon himself.

He and a party of friends were camping out on one of the northern lakes. They had good luck and the usual good time, until one evening it was found that the supply of "wet goods" was perilously near exhaustion, and the Ottawa man was instructed to send out a hurry-up call for a renewal of supplies. Accordingly he wrote down to a friend in Ottawa, telling him of the jolly time the party were having and mentioning that as they were nearly run out of "choice tomatoes" they would be glad of a fresh supply. Three or four days passed, then came the express parcel from Ottawa, carefully carried many miles over hills and portages from the railway station, and every man in the party gathered round to welcome the goods, for there had been a "dry time" in camp for a couple of days. The string was cut, the wrappings removed, and there were exposed to view fifty or sixty of the choicest hand-picked tomatoes you ever saw.

The man at the Ottawa end was not a politician, did not read the political news in the papers, and had taken the official at his word. He had gone down to the market, purchased several baskets of ripe tomatoes, picked out the choice ones and carefully re-packed them. The joke was on the Commons official, and it will be a long time before the other members of that party fail to rally him upon his success as a purveyor of "choice tomatoes" to a thirsty band of fishermen.

A Canadian Journalistic Advertiser.

FEW of those who have read the articles of James Creelman, one of the most noted war-correspondents and magazine writers in America, are aware that he is a Canadian by birth. Such is the fact, however, and his life has been of the most venturesome description. He was born in Montreal in the year 1858, the son of Matthew Creelman, at that time a prominent insurance man of that city.

His adventures began at the age of twelve—that is to say in 1870, when he ran away from home with the intention of walking to New York. He did walk most of the way, stealing an occasional ride on a railway train. He worked as office boy for a religious journal, became a printer, and, like so many of the old-time printers before the days of the linotype, drifted into journalism. Having a religious tendency his next move was to take a course in theology, rather for the culture of the thing than with any fixed intention of becoming a preacher. Theology did not hold him long, however, and over twenty years ago he went back to reporting and got a position on The New York Herald.

A REMINISCENCE OF LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

A sketch by the Duchess of Rutland. This picture was made in 1890, when Lord Charles was 44 years of age and shortly after he had resigned the post of Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty on the question of the strength of the fleet. The Duchess of Rutland is an artist whose work had already attracted much favorable comment."

Many readers will remember Capt. Paul Boyton with his famous life-saving suit who first came along with Barnum's circus and later used to give exhibitions on Toronto bay. When Boyton first loomed up his suit was considered a great novelty and Creelman for The Herald undertook the sensational assignment of testing it. He procured one and one night he and Boyton jumped into New York harbor at the Battery. It was bitter cold and the river was full of drifting ice. It was hours before the swimmers got back to shore and Creelman wrote such a thrilling account of the night's adventures that it made both himself and Boyton famous. Subsequently he made the same unique kind of a water trip with Boyton from Oil City, Pa., by way of the Alleghany, Ohio, and Mississippi rivers to the Gulf of Mexico.

Twenty years ago he returned to his native city of Montreal to accompany Prof. Grinley in the first ascension of Page's iron airship, a now forgotten experiment in aerial navigation. Several aeronauts lost their lives therein, for the ship burst and dragged its occupants many miles before they could be rescued. Old Canadian newspaper men remember the episode well. Creelman was lucky enough to escape with a broken arm and a few bruises, and again he had good copy to write. His next big assignment was to investigate the death of General Custer and interview Sitting Bull and his lieutenants, a feat which he successfully accomplished. Later, he again entered fighting territory by writing up the Hatfield McCoy feud then at its height and the embers of which still smoulder in Kentucky. He was compelled to seek refuge in the woods from the Hatfields who frequently tried to wing him. All through the eighties he was on sensational assignments until at the age of thirty-one he assumed the managing editorship of the London edition of The New York Herald, an enterprise subsequently abandoned. After this he took charge of The Herald's Paris edition for a few years, and then went into the business of getting exclusive interviews on matters of great public import, visiting all the countries of Europe at various times. Among those who yielded to his tact were the late Pope Leo XIII., Henry M. Stanley, Louis Kossuth and Count Tolstoi. He left the service of James Gordon Bennett in 1893 to become British editor of The Cosmopolitan Magazine but did not succeed in getting on with John Brisbane Walker for very long.

In the Japanese-Chinese war of 1894 he was in the service of The New York World and is alleged to have been the only correspondent who succeeded in getting to the front, although this is disputed by some of the other fellows. He was at one time taken prisoner by the Japs when his British citizenship served him in good stead for he was released by the intervention of English officials. The Turko-Grecian war and the Cuban insurrection also were the scenes of his enterprise. The Spanish-American war, in fact all the conflicts of the twelve years of carnage following 1894, have found him on the spot, and when next the dogs of war are let loose, no matter in what part of the world, it is probable that we shall again hear from this adventurous and middle-aged Canadian.

In the Days of Sir Allan McNab.

A HAMILTON paper says the remains of Sir Allan McNab will be removed from Dundurn Park to Holy Sepulchre Cemetery, after resting in the former place for nearly seventy-five years.

Hardly so long. Sir Allan was still very much alive when The Toronto Examiner of June 16, 1847, said of him:

"Sir Allan McNab is a great man. Speaker of the House of Assembly, juggling director of the Great Western Railroad Company, the representative of Hamilton, President of the Gore District Turf Club, and the pious defender of the rights and wrongs of mother church. The races are coming on. Pity Sir Allan cannot be in two places at once—cannot attend to the important business of the turf and the petty business of the legislature at the same time."

How courteous were these old-time papers in their references to public men, and how full of news! One looks in vain for a report of said races, but finds instead an editorial jeremiad. The races and the circus, said The Examiner, filled the police court, and it called upon the government for their abolition.

His Usual Home-Coming.

THE story is going the rounds of a Torontonian of convivial habits, which, while it may not be true, is nevertheless a good one. It is said that sometime ago he was in Montreal and had a royal good time with two or three friends in that very hospitable city. One man he met he took a particular fancy to. In parting he said:

"I live with my aunt, but she is a good sort and I want you to come up and see me whenever you come to Toronto. No matter whether it's day or night come up and see me whenever you are passing through Toronto. Here's my address."

A few weeks later the friend found himself one evening in Toronto, and feeling lonesome decided to pay a call on the Torontonian. He called a coupe and drove to the address that had been given to him. Ringing the door-bell he enquired of the kindly-faced old lady who answered the summons:

"Does Mr. A. live here?"

The old lady peered out into the night and, descrying the coupe waiting by the curb, said with a sigh:

"Yes, bring him in."

The Croaking Frog.

With Apologies to a Certain Croaking Raven.

ONCE upon an evening dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over all the evening papers, which I found to be a bore—
While I nodded, thoughts awinging, suddenly there came a singing,
As of a familiar chorus, just beyond my study door.
"'Tis the good old frogs," I muttered, "singing at my study door—
Singing as they sang of yore."

It was in the fragrant May time, in the brooding, gentle, gay time
In the spring, when idle fancies run to—well, some lost Lenore.
But, alas for my vain dreaming; for the chorus was but seeming.
Starting up, I heard—an auto chugging, horning past my door—
Just a buzzing automobile rushing past my study door—
Only this and nothing more.

Soon a trifling breeze uncertain, playing with the casement curtain,
Sent me off again to snoozing just as I had been before,
And again I heard the moaning of the old-time music droning—
I was back again to boyhood and the mill-pond's mystic shore.
Then the song it sizzled, spluttered—pshaw! an arc light near my door—
Just an arc light, nothing more.

Yet again my sense forsook me, and the little dream chaps took me
To the good old peaceful village—to the countryside once more.
Yet again the soft and dolorous, sweetly reminiscent chorus
Of the frogs came to possess me—bear me back to times of yore.
But I woke—and just a trolley car was heard beyond my door—
Just a distant trolley's roar.

Still the drowsiness came creeping, and I fell to actual sleeping.
And I dreamed I heard a croaking, rather louder than before.
Then I saw ('tis past believing, but 'twas there beyond deceiving)
A big, green and bloated bullfrog on a Pallas o'er the door.
(Mr. Pallas had been brought along—he wasn't there before.)
And he croaked and nothing more.

"Well," I said, "my country brother, you seem real, not like the other
Fellows that were singing; you won't vanish if perchance I snore?
Tell me—d'd you come to brighten up my dreams, or just to frighten
Me by saying that I'll know the joys of country life no more?
Haply some day I may banish city noises from my door?"
But the frog croaked: "Nevermore."

"Ah, my friend," I said, "you're joking; surely this is idle croaking.
Some day I'll be rich and famous—buy a farm with stock and store
And I'll work when I feel like it; when I don't I'll up and hike it
To the pleasant boyhood haunts where I enjoyed myself of yore.
This, you know, I've planned completely, here inside my city door."
Quoth the bullfrog: "Nevermore."

And that ghost-frog, seldom flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting.
On the Pallas he brought with him, just above my study door.
And he carries out his mission—jibing at my poor ambition.
But, though now I know he's right, I laugh at him; I care no more.
The best of life is not beyond; 'tis found *inside* one's own home door—
Always inside one's own home door.

H. W. JAKEWAY.

Wanted a Rebate.

THESE are the days when city folk endeavor to find suitable and cheap summer board for the women and children, and when father looks forward to a summer of lonesomeness or of liberty as the case may be.

A farmer living near Toronto had enquiries made of him and named his rates. He got a reply from the Toronto family saying that the prices he quoted were not unreasonable. "But," continued the communication, "our little boy does not eat butter, and for that reason we think you should let us have a rebate."

Portrait of Holbein the Younger.

HOLBEIN THE YOUNGER'S PAINTING OF CHRISTINA OF DENMARK.

This famous picture is the property of the Duke of Norfolk and has for years been hanging in the National Gallery, London. The Duke is disposing of the picture, the alleged reason being the taxes imposed by the new Budget. The price is $305,000, and it is thought that it will eventually reach America.

Clemenceau, the Warwick of France.

IN spite of fears and predictions to the contrary George Clemenceau, Premier of France, appears to have bested the striking postal and telegraph employees. Out of the confusion which many predicted would spell revolution, Clemenceau, the Warwick of France, as W. T. Stead calls him, has managed to proclaim peace.

Mr. Stead's estimate of the man, the great Frenchman of this generation, is here preproduced:

M. Clemenceau is a man of the world, but he leans more towards Anglo-Saxon qualities than in any other direction from his own French character. He has lived in America. He married an American (Miss Mary Plummer). He speaks an almost idiomatic English. He is one of the most brilliant of journalists and one of the most witty and intelligent of companions. There is also in him, despite a certain cynical flippancy of speech which leads his critics sometimes to declare that he is at heart a mere gamin de Paris, a trace of the strain of a hero. He is as intrepid as he is dexterous. He is the Ulysses rather than the Nestor of the French republic. He is only 64, but he has been so long a leading actor in the drama of Republican politics that he seems almost to date back to remote antiquity.

M. Clemenceau believed in General Boulanger. But for M. Clemenceau the brave General would never have been Minister of War. M. Cemenceau put him in office as a security against the enemies of the republic and peace. He remained there to become the most dangerous enemy of the republic and of the general peace. I spent some hours on the night of Boulanger's election by popular vote walking up and down the boulevard with M. Clemenceau. Nobody knew whether if Boulanger were elected by a large majority he would not declare himself dictator and use the army to trample out all opposition. It was a thrilling moment. Never was I so deeply impressed with the worthiness of all constitutional guarantees in the presence of an army. Whoever can give the word of command at the War Office has the nation at his mercy. Fortunately, General Boulanger loved his mistress better than the dictatorship, and France escaped the imminent peril.

M. Clemenceau is to me the most authentic incarnation of the revolution of 1789 now extant in Europe. He is the revolution en bloc. He shares its hatreds, he has lost none of its enthusiasms. He is a Jacobin reincarnated in the skin of an opportunist. After playing the part of Warwick, the Kingmaker, setting up and pulling down one ministry after another, he is now saddled with the responsibility of office.

M. Clemenceau is a Freethinker, who is merciless in attitude in relation to the Roman Catholic Church. To him the church is a kind of devil fish, with the religious orders as the arms of the octopus. I cannot read Victor Hugo's famous story of the tremendous struggle in "Les Travailleurs de Mer" between his hero and the octopus without recognizing that N. Clemenceau and his friends feel themselves and the republic exactly in the same position. La pieuvre, with its deadly suckers planted thick upon every writhing arm, draining the life-blood of their victim—that is the anti-clerical conception of the Church of Rome.

M. Clemenceau's great distinction has been his unwavering opposition to the policy of imperialism. It was he, more than any man, deterred France from joining England in her Egyptian campaign. He was the inveterate enemy of M. Ferry whom he relentlessly pursued and ultimately overthrew for his policy of Asiatic expansion. It is true that M. Clemenceau can hardly be said to be a man of peace. He has fought many duels, including one with M. Deroulede, who accused him of being in the pay of Dr. Cornelius Herz and the Panama ring, and his antipathy to foreign expeditions has usually been attributed quite as much to his distrust of Germany as to any humanitarian objections to making war on colored races. With him the memory of the Terrible Year is still vivid. He was Mayor of Montmartre in the year of the siege, and although he never speaks of Alsace and Lorraine, he never forgets. He wrote last year: "The fundamental condition of peace—not the peace I should like, but the only one which is possible in the present condition of Europe—is that we should dispose of sufficient force to discourage every aggressor. Force, alas! consists of guns, rifles and soldiers, as also of alliances and agreements." But if we can substitute the force of alliances and agreements for the costly armaments which are ruining civilization, no one will be better pleased than M. Clemenceau.

The second great distinction of M. Clemenceau is the splendid part which he played in the Dreyfus affair. He stands in the foremost fighting line of the heroic few who stood for justice in then darkest days of the reaction. M. Clemenceau, who founded La Justice in 1880, became the fighting man-at-arms of L'Aurore, during the prolonged Dreyfus combat, and rendered yeoman's service to the cause of justice. Nor was it only with his pen that he defended the right. He pleaded the case before the court, and upon one occasion, in February, 1898, he made a powerful use of the crucifix as an argument against the refusal to reconsider the chose jugee.

"We hear much talk," said he, "of the chose jugee. M. Clemenceau raised his head towards the immense painting of the Christ upon the cross, hanging in view of the entire company over the heads of the scarlet robed judges. "Look here at the chose jugee. This image placed in our judgment halls recalls the most monstrous judicial error which the world has known." (There were ironical cries from the audience). "No, I am not one of his adorers; but I love him perhaps more than those who invoke him so singularly to preach religious proscription!"

He is no friend of the Russian alliance. If Russia were to become a constitutional state, that would be another affair. But for him, as for most French radicals, Russia is the enemy of freedom and Japan the hope of civilization in the east. In the past he has never hesitated to defend even the excesses of the Revolutionaries as the inevitable result of the repressive system which denies to Russians the fundamental liberties of civilized nations. He is, per contra, a warm friend of England and the English.

For ten years, from 1883 to 1893, he was regarded as the master and maker of ministries in France. In 1893 he lost his seat for the Var amid the outcry raised over the Panama scandal. In 1901 he founded the weekly paper Le Bloc. The title clung to the party. The French revolution, he said, was a block, a thing which must be accepted or rejected en bloc. In our villainous political slang, Le Bloc was the party which went the whole hog for the revolution. In the following year he was elected Senator for his old constituency, the Var. In many respects he is the most notable of modern French politicians, and there is none whose fortunes will be watched with more sympathetic interest on the English side of the Channel.

M. Clemenceau's personal appearance was described fifteen years ago by one who knew him well, but who omitted to say that, whatever he might look like, he is no Puritan. The description, however, is accurate today.

In his appearance, he has something of the character of a Puritan of Cromwell's court. He is a middle-sized man, thin, with a big, bony head, straight, thick eyebrows, deep-set, twinkling eyes. To those who look closer at the face it bears traces of continual effort and premature fatigue, traces of a something which might be politely qualified as skepticism. When he speaks, his voice is sharp and his words short, his gestures are decisive, and, even when his face is in movement, his delivery remains calm. In the tribune he is a powerful antagonist. Just as in his exterior appearance there is an affectation of calm and austerity, so in his speeches there is an appearance of the most rigid precision—an appearance with which he deceives himself and others.

The Men That Get the News

THAT YOU READ TO-DAY.

WHEN Chief of Police Malone was locked up in Simcoe jail charged with the shooting of Policeman Wilkins, one newspaperman was bowed into his cell by the local officials and secured the only interview that was printed. This was at the time when hordes of news-hungry reporters were clamoring vainly to get in "just to have a word with Malone."

Harry W. Anderson, who "does" the Parliament Buildings for The Globe, was he who got in, and while there is nothing sensational in the episode, it serves to illustrate points in this young gentleman's make-up. Although to many the way be broke into jail seemed almost unavoidable, the fact is that the slightest slip on his part would have spoiled it. Harry Anderson, then with The Toronto Evening News, was sent to Simcoe from here on a mission to interview the accused Chief.

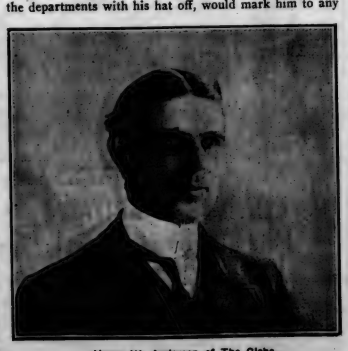
He entered the office of the Sheriff, and before he could begin to try to conceal the fact that he wanted to pry open iron bars, one of the officials came towards him looking eager.

"Why, how are you?" he said, extending his hand.

The greeting was returned with a smooth politeness, mixed with a tinge of curiosity on the part of the newspaperman.

"Did I not make your acquaintance in Mr. Foy's office at the Parliament Buildings?" asked the official.

Then Harry was on. The way he roams in and about the departments with his hat off, would mark him to any outsider as being one of the elect.



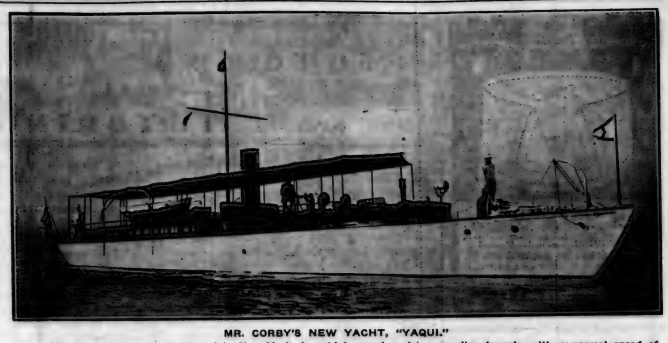
Harry W. Anderson of The Globe.

"Certainly you did," was the reply, and the two chatted about general matters for some minutes. The official labored under the self-imposed idea that he was talking to one of Mr. Foy's young men. At the proper moment, the visitor stated that he would like to have five minutes with Malone. He was bowed in. The orderly that took him heard him tell Malone he was a newspaperman, but it was none of his business if his superior chose to admit the universal press agents. So the interview was secured.

Mr. Anderson was born in Fintry, Sterlingshire, Scotland. He learned a subtle politeness there, and when he emigrated and landed in a Clinton printing office, he began to pick up facts about newspaper-making. He worked up from waif reporter on The Chatham Planet to the post of editor, where he learned to be smooth. Then he thought he would like to have a fling at Toronto work, so he came to The News here.

There is a sort of terrifying Chesterfieldian courtesy displayed by Harry Anderson as he smilingly draws from ministers of the government, and others, inside facts about matters of which he would write. Very often there appears now in The Globe good stories that come from the Parliament Buildings, which can only emanate from official sources. The city editors of newspapers that are supposed to be government organs ask their men, on these occasions, for an explanation as to how in blazes a Liberal organ gets government scoops. The explanation is Harry Anderson.

One distinction of W. T. Stead is that he is an uncle of Harry Anderson's. The latter has a township up in New Ontario goat land named after him. It adjoins Roadhouse, Banks, and Wallace townships, each of which await fame bearing the name of a Toronto newspaperman. We must mention also that Mr. Anderson is president of the Press Gallery at the Buildings.



MR. CORBY'S NEW YACHT, "YAQUI."

This vessel, recently purchased in New York, is a high speed cruising gasoline launch, with a normal speed of twenty miles an hour. Her length over all is 91 feet 6 inches, and her water-line length 83 feet. She has a beam of 12 feet 4 inches and draws 3 feet 6 inches at the stern. The "Yaqui" is fitted for cruising and carries sufficient fuel to cover five hundred miles. She is lighted by electricity. Mr. Corby will use the yacht the present season on the lakes.

THE DELIRIUM OF THE ENGLISHMAN.

The above cartoon, reproduced from Simplicissimus, is intended to represent the English nation haunted by thoughts of flying machines and Dreadnoughts. The figure shown bound and seated, while typifying the English nation, is also given a grotesque likeness to His Majesty.

Among the many Canadians prominent in business and professional life in the United States is Mr. Clive T. Jaffray, formerly of Galt, Ont., and brother of the proprietors of the Reporter of that town. He is vice-president of the First National Bank of Minneapolis, the largest bank in the North-Western States, and a director of the Wisconsin Central Railway, whose line will be operated as the Chicago division of the Soo road controlled by the Canadian Pacific Railway. With the assistance of two other prominent bankers, one from New York and one from Chicago, he has just finished the work of organizing the Pillsbury-Washburn Flour Mills Company, in which British capitalists have invested $5,000,000 and American capitalists a like sum. Mr. Jaffray started his banking career with the Merchants Bank in Toronto in 1884. Later, he published The British-American of Chicago.

Annie Brown, a five-year-old Irish girl, has just reached Calgary after a journey of more than 5,000 miles made absolutely alone from start to finish, says The Calgary News. During the trip she was well cared for by passengers on boats and trains who became interested in her artless story of how she was going to Canada to meet her daddy, who preceded her eighteen months. Annie's father, James Brown, is living on a homestead five miles south of Calgary and could not spare the time to cross the ocean to act as escort for his little girl. Consequently he decided to have her make the long journey alone.

The phrase "The Sick Man of the East" as applied to the Sultan of Turkey, originated, it is said, in a speech of Czar Nicholas to the British *charge d'affaires* at St. Petersburg at the time of the Crimean war. He said: "We have on our hands a sick man, a very sick man. It would be a great misfortune if one of these days he should slip away from us before the necessary arrangements have been made."

The Real Life of the Mink

By MARK ROBINSON
Algonquin Park Ranger

MY acquaintance with the mink began one day, many years ago, while I was fishing for trout in Silverthorne's creek near Stayner, Ont. I was busy coaxing a lazy trout to take notice of my bait, when suddenly he vanished in the twinkling of an eye. I felt that the fish had not taken flight at myself; and, as I sat very still, a large female mink and three young mink came swimming along the stream. I watched them for some time. When it became evident that the mother mink was desirous of carrying off all my catch of chub and trout I made a rush for the young ones, and succeeded in capturing one, getting from my captive a neat pinch that brought the blood freely. I took the little fellow home and was censured by my mother for doing so. However, I placed the little chap in a tin box, covered it up well and went back to the stream. The mother mink by this time had carried off all my small fish, and made quite a fuss at my approach. So I went farther up the stream, thinking many things about my mother's words, kindly spoken but to the point about the feelings of that mother mink. However, I felt that my mother did not know how sore my finger was and I resolved that the youthful mink must stay in the tin box. I caught a number of chub and took them home, and was delighted to see the little fellow eat them up—except the heads, which he tossed aside with contempt. Next morning early I was at the creek again catching chub for the mink, and he ate them with great relish. Then I departed for school. When I returned he was gone. He had jumped out and run to the creek, my mother told me with a smile. I went and examined the box and decided that our mothers have much feeling for the mother animals, especially regarding their young.

The summer following I assisted a couple of neighbor lads to capture a pair of young mink, which they kept in a neatly made pen near the stream. We fished every chance we could get to supply them with food, and it was surprising the amount of small fish those young mink could dispose of, as well as drinking a quantity of new milk daily. In about three months they were fine big fellows, and evidently very strong, as they chewed a hole out of their pen and departed. We often saw them afterward in company with other mink and when called would allow us to approach within a few feet of them, but never close enough to be recaptured. As the winter approached they disappeared. Evidently some trapper had caught them.

Since then I have seen a great deal of the mink and have found him to be a blood-thirsty scamp. The mother mink usually gives birth to from two to six young and is very careful in the selection of a home for them. Generally it is upon some small stream in a hollow log, or under a root of some friendly tree. Their den is made of a few grasses, rotten wood, etc., and is quite out of the way of the routes usually travelled by the male mink, who destroy all the young they find. Just why this is I cannot decide. The male otter and one species of our weasel is guilty of the same habit. During the greater part of the summer the young travel with the mother mink, and toward November scatter to dens along different streams. Then during the last few days of Indian summer they may be seen quite busy laying in a store of stupid frogs, crawfish, small fish, etc., for winter. During this period they work almost day and night. The frogs are stupid from the cold and are gathered in large numbers. Some that the mink has been forced to drop have been examined, and not a single mark of any kind was to be found on them. With small fish and crawfish I have found the same results.

The laying in of this store is by no means a sign that the mink will remain close to his den, but is only a provision for the coldest snaps through the winter. He will often be found playing havoc with farmers' hens, ducks, etc., in midwinter, and at distances fully a mile from a stream of any kind. I have known a single mink to kill twenty-one large hens in one night, and also to kill young geese almost full grown. The mink is the sworn enemy of the muskrat and can drive a full colony of muskrats out of their home. And if he can separate one from the bunch will kill him and eat his fill, then run to some well-known spot and sleep until hunger or devilment prompts him to go out on another tour of destruction.

A careful study of the mink shows that they travel regular paths along streams, and are very curious. This the experienced trapper knows, and it is through this knowledge that so many are captured every year for the fur trade. The mink is an expert at climbing trees, and many of the young of our finest wild birds fall prey to his thirst to kill. He is also an expert at catching fish, and wherever the brook trout is plentiful there also the mink will be found.

Mink are always more numerous in settled parts of the country, evidently because there is more food, such as mice, muskrats, owl etc. They are very destructive to the young of the wild ducks and the ruffed grouse. During the winter months I have found many grouse killed and partly eaten by mink.

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A MOTOR trip from Toronto to Buffalo in zero weather is a remarkable experiment, and one not often tried; but the story of such an adventure has recently come to light, and is causing much amusement in the local auto world. The car in which this notable journey was made was a French runabout six years old, which was once owned by a prominent member of the Ontario Motor League. The man into whose hands it fell last winter wished to sell it, and being unable to dispose of it satisfactorily in Toronto, decided to take it to New York, where he lives. And to prove that the car was worth buying he made up his mind to drive it from here to Buffalo. He took with him one fearless, adventurous friend, and the trip is described in a letter he wrote to a friend in Toronto, which is given in this month's issue of Motoring. Here it is:

Hotel Seneca,
Rochester, N.Y., Jan. 9, '09.

Dear Friend:

Arrived here last night and left Lewis on Beach, and decided to hit it up on the bare rim to St. Catharines. A few miles across the Beach (we did not go to Hamilton—Lewis was willing to go) the gasoline pipe broke, and we discovered the break (we are very clever about autos) after all the gasoline leaked out and the dear little car stopped. The wind from the bay was saying things to our noses and ears, but we finally cut a hole through a piece of wood and joined the broken pipe together. We finally arrived in St. Catharines with two flat tires and no oil or gasoline. After a hearty meal, during which we discussed at some length the ease of reaching Buffalo that evening, we started out to locate a garage for gasoline and oil. After a thorough search of the town, we finally woke a private owner of a car from his warm bed, and secured a gallon and a half. The time was 10.30 p.m. We figured that this quantity would not do, and then Lewis suggested (bright fellow, Lewis) that we mix in some alcohol. The writer obtained this in a drug store at popular prices (for the druggist), and Lewis did the mixing act. Told the druggist what we wanted it for and he showed his ignorance by asking if it was possible to use it in an automobile. When the mixing had been completed (in the presence of a gazing crowd) Lewis cranked up the car and after a few thousand cranks, we awoke to the fact that alcohol might be all right in whisky, but it's no blank use to run automobiles with. The result was that we had to empty the tank and throw away the entire contents, during which proceeding we noticed the Police Department (he was an Irishman) approaching, and we nearly got run in for allowing the tank to drain on the main thoroughfare. After a great deal of Sherlock Holmes work and considerable profanity, we secured (at best market prices) another two gallons of gasoline, and started for Buffalo with the best wishes of the owner of the store that we would break our necks. The scenery was grand, and the moon came out in all its glory, so much so that the little car stopped long and often to admire such beautiful surroundings. Needless to mention that we stopped also. Finally, after more or less argument, the car stopped in the middle of a place surrounded by spacious fields and lack of houses or any other sign of civilization or gasoline. The tank was empty, and we were miles from nowhere. Lewis started north by east, and I started south by west, to find a house where lived a man (or woman or child) who knew a place where we could buy or steal some gasoline or other product that we could use to continue on to Buffalo. It was two o'clock in the morning and getting later every minute. I won't mention how cold it was. Imagine waking people up to furnish us with gasoline, people who probably did not know gasoline from Danderine (we can prove it) and finally secured a gallon of coal oil (kerosene). After spending many hours and some more, I decided that it was the dusty roads route for one of us to secure the necessary. Yours truly finally started on foot (two of them) for Niagara Falls (four miles, but it seemed like forty) leaving Lewis in charge of the job. When I left the bunch the machine had its ears back and looked determined to make an evening of it. I started for the Falls (four miles of awful road) at 3.30 a.m., and after passing several commodious cemeteries and other cheerful places, arrived at 5.15. After eating a glass of dew—all I could get—I was starting for a livery stable to get a rig to go to Niagara Falls, N.Y., for gasoline, when to my amazement, who was coming down the road amidst the greatest cloud of smoke you ever saw, but Lewis and the little machine. How in the world Lewis got the car started is beyond me. Talk about smoke and smell—it was awful. We got three hours' sleep and got things ready for our "motor trip" to Buffalo, distant by road some eighteen or twenty miles. We did not go far before we had another blow-out and ran out of oil, and flagged a freight engine, whose driver handed us a quart of "molasses," an oil as thick as people who buy some kinds of automobiles Outside of a few minor accidents, such as a third blow-out, the losing of the tail lamp, breaking two leaves in one of the springs, fixing the intake valve, renewing the porcelain in the spark plug (the engine only has one cylinder), adjusting the carburetor three times, and very nearly getting run over by a coal wagon, we had a lovely trip to Buffalo.

You know that Lewis and I are friends and have been, but the feeling nearly changed when in all seriousness Lewis suggested that we continue on to N.Y. in the little auto. I might have been game, but I want to be in New York at the 1910 stock-taking of the company I am with.

Some day I will tell you some of the funny things experienced on the Toronto to Buffalo road run referred to.

Trusting that Mr. C. will be a greater friend of mine than heretofore, for *not* selling him "Maud," I am,

Yours for more gasoline.

J. T. C.

* * *

The Automobile Club of Canada, with headquarters at Montreal, having been aroused to the necessity of putting a stop to reckless driving by chauffeurs in and about Montreal, has passed this resolution:

"That any chauffeur found guilty of reckless or joy driving shall be refused employment by any member of this club and black-listed, and any member who shall re-employ such chauffeur shall immediately be suspended from membership in the club, and further, that all owners of motor vehicles be requested to co-operate with us in suppressing this evil."

The club, in a special circular just issued, urges that every law-abiding motorist will aid impressing upon chauffeurs the importance of carefully complying with the motor vehicle law at all times. It is also the intention of the club to obtain motor legislation in the province of Quebec along the lines of that recently obtained in New York State. This law, as was recently stated on this page, provides that cars shall be driven in "a careful and prudent manner and at a rate of speed so as not to endanger the property or the life and limb of any person." It is proposed that "joy riding" and tampering with motor vehicles by discharged chauffeurs will be reached by the following:

"Any person using, operating, driving or tampering with a motor vehicle without the permission of the owner shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and punishable by a fine not exceeding $100, or imprisonment not exceeding six months, or suspension of the right to operate a motor vehicle for at least six months."

* * *

The Automobile Club of Canada, which is doing work on the Island of Montreal and the rest of the province of Quebec similar to that done in this province by the Ontario Motor League, announces that it will hold another automobile race meet this year at "Blue Bonnets," in which some of the most prominent drivers of the world will take part. The races will most probably take place on July 9 and 10.

* * *

Mrs. Alice R. Ramsay, of Hackensack, an enthusiastic motorist, and president of the Women's Motoring Club of New York, has purchased a new 30 horse power car and will make a transcontinental tour on her own responsibility, taking no men along. She will leave New York on June 9, and will run her car to San Francisco, which she expects to reach about July 15. She will be accompanied by three other ladies. PNEUMATIC.

Mrs. Gossip—They do say that her husband has acquired locomotor ataxia. Mrs Parvenue—I don't think much of those cheap cars; my husband has an imported one.—June Smart Set.

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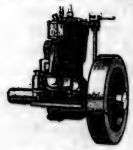

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W. P. FRASER, Secretary-Treasurer.

GOD SAVE THE KING

SPORTING COMMENT

THE horses have it all to themselves this week, and public interest just now centres in the great King's Plate. At present the air is full of rumors and you can't throw a stone without hitting a "sure thing." Everyone from the office boy to the proprietor is busily engaged in deciding how to lay out his coin, and the only thing needed to make the famous old feature a tremendous success this year is fine weather.

As for the horses, the most spectacular work in the trials has been done by the Valley Farm plater Shimonese, which has made some remarkably fast time. But it is not always the horse that does best at practice that wins the race; and there are many who look with favor on the Seagram entries especially Courtier, which has beaten the others of the string in the trials. Altogether the indications point to a close and exciting race with a good many chances for the winner, though it is pretty generally felt that the horse which beats Shimonese will win the race. The amount of wet weather which we have had has not been the best thing in the world for the track or for the horses in training, but with any luck at all from now on everything should be in the best possible shape.

* * *

THERE is another Indian in the field now, and if he only lives up to his early promise he should surpass the record of even the redoubtable Tom Longboat. The newcomer is Acoose, the Saskatchewan redskin, who recently took the measure of Fred Appleby, for some years regarded as the greatest fifteen-miler in the world. The Indian met the Englishman at his own distance and beat him with the greatest ease and thoroughness, at the same time setting a new indoor record for the distance. This is not bad for a new hand at the game. But Acoose comes of great running stock. His father was regarded in his time as the swiftest and strongest runner on the western plains and he demonstrated the fact many times in competitions. It is to be hoped that if this new runner gets into the game with some of the big cracks here in the East, he will not go the way Longboat has gone. It is too bad to see a good Indian degenerate into a broken down professional runner, as the once great Tom seems destined to do.

* * *

THE well wishers of the great Canadian sprinter, Bobby Kerr, rejoiced at the success of his benefit in Hamilton recently, for the purpose of raising funds to send him to England to defend his title at the British championship meet. The pride which the people of his town take in the sprinter's performances was shown by the large attendance at the games in spite of rather unfavorable weather. The great Bobby himself was in good trim, and when he turned out to do his two little stunts he got a strenuous reception. As for the stunts themselves, they were done as Bobby alone can do them, and when the condition of the track is concerned the time in which he made the hundred and the two twenty was very remarkable.

* * *

THE Leafs have been giving a good account of themselves, and everybody is feeling happy. Even when they fail to show the proper hitting ability, they nearly always manage to wriggle out of their difficulties somehow or other. This was strikingly shown in the series with the Jersey City team. Although the visitors had distinctly the best of the hitting, the locals got most of the games. Of course some people might call it just sheer bull-headed luck, but it also looks a good deal like brains. And when all is said and done brains are about the most useful thing on a ball team, not excluding even the ability to bat hard and often. But the other things count, too, and it is to be hoped that the batting of the Leafs will improve, and there is room for betterment in the fielding as well. But on the whole the Kelleyites are doing fine and there is no complaint to be made.

* * *

THE English racing public is a trifle puzzled just now as to whether Minoru, King Edward's colt, is an out and out smasher and whether the result of the Two Thousand Guineas provided a real line on the Derby. Minoru won rather easily, and there was an air of genuineness to the victory in the fact that behind the royal candidate was Bayardo, the champion two-year-old and winter favorite for the Epsom event; but though Minoru is now prime choice over Bayardo and a short figure in the betting the hard headed critics pay no great attention to the seeming reversal of form, for they point to a long list of real good ones who on former occasions won the Guineas and made a very poor show in the Derby.

As recently as last year was this theory demonstrated in August Belmont's colt Norman III., who won the Guineas in faultless style and only made a poor fifth at Epsom. A mile from home the American horse was showing the way, and even when they swung around Tattenham Corner he was in the van, but he gradually fell to the rear in the gallop home.

Another thing which is contributing to the puzzle of the situation is the short price offered against the American colt Sir Martin. So far he is untried on English soil, and when he is pulled out for the big classic he may be as big a surprise as Signorinetta, the 100 to 1 winner of last year. However, the Englishmen are not taking chances this time on outsiders and Sir Martin may go to the post a second favorite.

BOBBY KERR MEET—START OF THE MILE RACE.

* * *

IT is a good thing to get after the grafters occasionally, even if the outcry does not bring any very large result. The game in question may go on being crooked, but at the same time a few more people will know about it, and in a case of this kind every little bit helps. A wrestling bout recently pulled off here in Toronto started some people thinking, and the result was that the affair got a little airing in the papers. Now, without going into the matter of this particular bout, it may be said on general grounds and according to the admissions which I have myself heard made by promoters, that there is hardly any form of contest so full of fixing and general crockedness as the wrestling game. Of course the reasons for this state of affairs are quite plain. The public is quite interested in this form of contest, and the demand for such exhibitions is large. But at the same time it needs to be fostered and kept up. This is where the clever manager shows himself. By carefully arranging his events beforehand he gradually builds up a popular interest in the star whom he happens to be boosting. Naturally he is not going to bring along a man who will defeat his star and so queer the game. He takes care to get men whom his wrestler can beat. But in order to give a good exhibition the newcomer has to be allowed to go a certain distance, and so you get the fixed match. Of course the promoters claim that this sort of thing is necessary to keep up the interest in the game. It may be, but at the same time it is a graft. It is a case of trying to fool the public into the belief that they are watching a real contest when they are looking on at nothing more than a piece of make-believe and faking. If this sort of thing is kept up its only result will be to kill a good game.

* * *

THE prize list of the Seventh Open Air Horse Parade and Show to be held in the Queen's Park on the morning of Dominion Day is being distributed. It provides for forty-six classes, twenty-two of which are devoted to commercial horses, two to old horses, three to special classes, three to saddle horses, eight to horses in harness, four to ponies in harness, three to ponies in saddle and one to polo ponies. Entries close with the secretary and manager, H. J. P. Good, at 105 York street, on Saturday, June 19. The medals this year will be especially interesting, and will be turned out from the Royal Mint in honor of the occasion. On one side will be the faces of Earl Grey and Lady Grey in profile, and on the other side Ontario's new coat-of-arms surrounded by a wreath. They will be of gold and silver, and altogether will form an interesting memento of this now successful parade. The treasurer, Dr. Young, reports subscriptions coming in fairly well, but $700 or $800 yet remains to be subscribed before the necessary amount of $2,500 will have been received. Four bands have been engaged to play on the morning of the parade, the Grenadiers, Queen's Own Rifles, Highlanders and the Body Guards.

* * *

GOSSIP from the North, says a writer in The Bystander, reports that the latest "fad" in clubs is a driver with a whippy shaft and a very large head. I have not seen any of these clubs. But the return to whippy shafts interests me, for, in my younger days, no one played with the stiff shaft of modern times, but we always endeavored to acquire, by purchase, fraud, or stealth, a really whippy shaft. The latest darling of northern fancy must claim close relationship to the old whippy shafts of Mr. Horace Hutchinson's and Mr. John Ball's prime, while the big head goes back, I should say, to the big head known in old days as the "bap" head, so called from its resemblance in shape to the bap which the northern baker provides as a breakfast roll for the hungry Scottish golfer. I imagine that this big-headed, whippy-shafted club will have a vogue of about the same length as the famous fishing-rod driver, which only found permanent favor with Mr. Hutchinson, the one man, apparently, who was able to control the weapon. I suspect that this new club emanates from my old friend, Ben Sayers, who, like all men of short stature, requires a very long club in order to get full value from his swing. In the hands of such a master of rhythm and timing a long whippy club may be an advantage. But woe to the unhappy Phaeton who attempts to control the chariot of the sun god with inferior skill.

* * *

THE decision handed down by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court in Brooklyn which defines "bookmaking," so called, and legalizes oral wagers at the racetracks has greatly increased the confidence of racegoers in the future of the turf in New York State. While there are many intricate points to be cleared up yet by the courts the one fact made plain by this latest decision is that the public can bet on the races at the tracks orally without the slightest fear of arrest. The words "I'll bet you so and so" or "I'll lay you 2 to 1 on such and such a horse" will not be sufficient cause for action on the part of the Police Department or the detectives attached to the District Attorney's office, together with the sleuths employed by various "reform bureaus." Men who formerly made book under the Percy-Gray law can visit the track, quote odds and accept any number of oral wagers from bettors without being interfered with unless they personally record bets or display odds and paraphernalia. PLAYFAIR.

"Come right on in, Sambo," the farmer called out. "He won't hurt you. You know a barking dog never bites." "Sure, boss, Ah knows dat," replied the cautious colored man, "but Ah don't know how soon he's going to stop barkin'."—Success Magazine.

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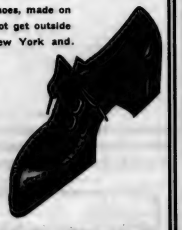

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DRAMA

THE most notable event in a rather uneventful week in local stageland was the performance of "Candida" by the Amateur Players. This company had won the Earl Grey dramatic trophy at Montreal by their presentation of Shaw's play, and their friends were anxious to see them in their successful roles. The result was that a large audience gathered at the Princess on Wednesday night to witness the one performance to be given. It is only justice to say that it was a great success. The company gave what they set out to give and what everyone expected of them—a fine amateur performance. It would be hypercritical to make it an objection that they did not do more. Those who are familiar with Shaw's play will understand what a difficult task it is for an amateur company to undertake. As in all his productions, the characters have a sketchiness and lack of coherency at times, the motives a subtlety and even unreality, which make the most serious demands on the skill of an actor to give them body and bones. It is therefore very greatly to the credit of the amateur players that they have been able to triumph over such difficulties and attain the really large measure of success they have achieved. After seeing the performance it was easy to understand the very high praise given them by Mr. John Corbin, the judge of the competition in Montreal. Mr. E. T. Owen's work as Marchbank was throughout excellent, and showed an insight and technical skill which would have done credit to any stage. Mr. J. Beverley Robinson as the Rev. James Morell made the part quite human, which is no mean achievement; and Mr. Ernest Kortright did a very clever piece of character work as Burgess, the cockney contractor. Mr. F. D. Kelley, as the curate, did well what little he had to do. The two ladies of the company, Miss Elsie Maclean as Candida, and Miss Christobel Robinson as Prossy, gave excellent performances. Miss Maclean's Candida may have been somewhat lacking in color, and her voice certainly did not carry to the more distant parts of the house, but she made a very attractive figure on the stage, and contributed much to the success of the piece. Miss Robinson's Prossy was a clever piece of work, and she made the fussy stenographer in love with the parson quite one of the most realistic figures in the play. Altogether the members of the company and their friends have every reason to be satisfied with the performance, and the large audience which witnessed it did everything that an audience can do to strengthen them in this opinion.

* * *

THE popularity of His Satanic Majesty in Toronto, or at least the interest awakened by him, is vouched for by the fact that no less than three different presentations of Franz Molnar's famous play have been given here. George Arliss displayed a neurotic and very modern "Old Nick," Edwin Stevens gave one along more traditional and melodramatic lines and last of all comes Bores Thomashefsky with a Yiddish Lucifer somewhat suggestive of pawnbrokers I have met. But, though there was something undeniably commonplace and smug in the Yiddish fiend, Thomashefsky proved himself an actor of great versatility and power. He has an admirably expressive face and a fine voice which he uses to excellent effect. About the best means of judging, for one whose education has been neglected in the matter of Yiddish, was to watch his effect on his audience. And on this test there could be no doubt as to his merit, for never once did he lose his grasp on the large audiences which heard him in his two performances at the Princess. He was also well supported, his wife, as Olga, especially distinguishing herself by her emotional power. Almost the only serious objection to be taken to the performance was the poverty of the stage fittings.

An interesting article on the Yiddish theatre is published in The World To-day, which says that it is a theatre governed by producing Yiddish impresarios, who send out road companies travelling from coast to coast. There is no end of talent within its encompassing arms, and the theatre has fostered it to the extent of producing a dozen actors and playwrights who have achieved international fame. What richer field than the Ghetto, with its tragic memories, its tragic realities! What more emotional enthusiast than the Slavonic Jew, sensitive yet to the rankling smart of past indignities! He is a child, yet keen withal for the intense things with the stamp of art and beauty. He is progressive, self-seeking, instinctively dramatic. He gloats with curious hunger over the tragic note of his favorite actor. It is an echo of the tragedy of his own life. Thomashefsky, the poor cigarette-maker, who rose from total obscurity to fame in a night as an actor of commanding art, fires the Ghetto boy's already inflamed imagination to dreams of great things. Then there is Jacob Adler, Ellis Glickman, Kessler—all actors of intelligence. This theatre has given to the world the incomparable Bertha Kalich, the tender art of David Warfield."

* * *

The Associate Players of this city recently gave a very interesting performance of some Irish Plays, including William Butler Yeats "Kathleen ni Houlihan." The performance was given in the Greek Theatre, which was well filled with an appreciative audience. In Yeats' play the part of Kathleen was taken by Mrs. Scott-Raff, Peter Gillam by Mr. Piggot, Bridget Gillam by Mrs. Topley Thomas, one of the school faculty; Delia Capel by Miss Dorothy Taylor, and the two sons by Mr. Keachie and Mr. Morgan.

MADGE VOE.
In "A Broken Idol."

Next Week's Bills.

Princess "A Broken Idol."

Royal Alexandra—Travel Pictures.

Shea's—Vaudeville.

Gayety—"The Night Owls."

THAT much announced production, "A Broken Idol," will positively appear at the Princess next week, with Alice Yorke and Otis Harlan in the principal roles. There are also said to be a good-looking chorus and some pretty scenery. This musical farce is by Hal Stevens, as to the book, and by Van Alstyne and Williams, as to the music and lyrics. Among the members of the company besides the two principals are: Otto Hoffman, George Richards, David Andrada, Carrie Perkins, Birdie Beaumont, and Madge Voe.

* * *

The series of travel pictures for next week at the Royal Alexandra promises to be as interesting as those that have preceded. Among the pictures to be shown in the next programme are views of the Kings and Queens of England and Italy on an Italian warship, scenes in Belgium and Australia, quarrying in France, and H.M.S. Monteagle on the rocks, not forgetting our old friend "The Runaway Train."

* * *

Wilfrid Clark and his company will be the headliners on the bill at Shea's next week, which will include Charles Leonard Fletcher, the Murray Sisters, Butler and Bassett, the Empire Comedy Four, the Olivotti Troubadours, and the Keely Brothers.

* * *

"The Night Owls" is the inviting or shocking—it depends on your religious views—title of the show which Charles Robinson is bringing to the Gayety next week. He claims to have a brand new scenic equipment and "twenty beautiful chorus girls handsomely gowned with costumes." This is a well merited cut at the Salomes "an' sich," who are mostly gowned in a jeweled necklace.

* * *

One of the closing attractions of this season will be the coming of Grace Van Studdiford in "The Golden Butterfly" to the Princess for the week of May 31. FIRST NIGHTER.

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MUSIC

THERE are fifty thousand or more young people who are employed in the stores, offices and factories of the down-town section of our city. At noon, each week-day, these myriads of workers pour forth into the streets to enjoy the precious freedom of the lunch hour. Some there are who climb aboard the rolling-stock of the T. S. R., and hie away home for their meal; but, with the majority, their sixty minutes of liberty are sternly non-elastic, and do not admit of a long trip on the cars. In what way are these latter young people accustomed to spend their noon-hour? The actual business of eating occupies a very small proportion of the time. The quick lunch is no mere figment of the poetic imagination. After that there is very little that offers beyond the shop-windows, the pool-rooms, the five-cent shows, and the reading-room of the public library. Of these, the five-cent shows, by shrewdly opening their doors at 12.30, come in for a generous share of patronage. Right here is an opportunity for a philanthropist which would bring honor to his name.

The large town-halls of England are equipped with magnificent pipe organs upon which daily recitals are given at the noon hour for the benefit of those who work in the vicinity. Admission is secured upon purchase of a programme at a nominal fee. Now that Massey Hall is exempt from taxation, the installation of a large concert organ there would involve no additional burden to be carried, and an opportunity would be provided for thousands to hear and enjoy that divine art which

"Wakes the soul, and lifts it high,
And wings it with sublime desires."

When one considers the surprisingly effective musical results which may be obtained from even the present, almost ridiculously inadequate little organ, through being situated in a building with the acoustic properties of Massey Hall, one is tempted to dream of the inspiring voice which might speak to us from a modern concert organ there installed. But, it is only in dreams that a Jacob's-ladder is miraculously let down to raise us to higher things. In real life, we must have the man who will count the cost of every rung, and provide royally. The opportunity is here. May we not hope for the man?

* * *

THE Toronto Conservatory of Music, College street, in announcing the annual closing concert of the institution to take place on the evening of June 3 at Massey Hall reminds us that the summer is drawing nigh and that the concert in question will probably be the last important musical occasion of the season. That very general enthusiasm will prevail at so interesting a function is certain, as year by year the standard of proficiency increases so surely among Conservatory students, whether of the piano, violin, voice, or elocutionary departments. It is the constant aim and endeavor of the Conservatory to present at these concerts not so much a formidable array of students as a limited company of trained artists, about whose efficiency and talent's there can be no doubt, and of whom it can with truth be frequently said, that if they came among us with the prestige of travel or of foreign names their performances would create very genuine surprise and delight. After all, in any musical institution, the number of pupils qualified to appear with propriety and distinction upon concert platforms is never very large at any one time, and in this direction as in others, the judgment of the Conservatory is to be commended. In addition to the soloists so carefully chosen for this occasion, the welcome announcement has been made that the Toronto Symphony Orchestra is to supply most of the accompaniments, including those to Weber's "Concertstueck" for piano, Max Bruch's "Violin Concerto, Op. 26," and an aria from "Tannhauser." Pupils of Dr. Fisher, Dr. Vogt, Dr. Ham, Dr. Broome, Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson, Miss Ethel Shepherd and the School of Expression are among those taking part in the splendid programme arranged for this attractive concert Mr. Welsman, as usual, will conduct the popular Symphony Orchestra.

* * *

Congratulations are in order to Dr. Albert Ham and the executive of the National Chorus on the decision they have made to engage the services of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra for their next season's concerts. This is the first recognition of the merits of Mr. Welsman's competent body of players by one of our leading local choruses, and there is no doubt that the result will be satisfactory, more especially as it will enable the conductors to have a number of dual rehearsals that would be impossible with a foreign organization. The great saving also in expenditure is a considerable factor, and the intention is to use this amount for the purpose of securing the services of the very highest class of solo artists available. Dr. Ham is now busily at work examining candidates for the chorus for the coming concerts, and the large number of applications and the uniformly splendid quality of voices encourage the executive and the conductor to feel that the success of last year will be quite equalled and likely excelled. The compositions chosen for the chorus are of a most attractive nature, and include works by both British and foreign musicians. Dr. Ham is receiving applications for membership at his residence, 561 Jarvis street, and those who wish to take part should lose no time in sending in their names. On receipt of names the applicants will be notified as to the time they may call for examination.

* * *

The service of praise rendered by the Bloor street Presbyterian church choir on Tuesday evening of this week brought out an audience which taxed the seating capacity to the utmost. Mr. Peter C. Kennedy, the organist and choir leader, has the distinction of presiding at a church which has one of the finest organs and best solo quartets in Canada. The soloists: Mrs. Leonora J. Kennedy, soprano; Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, contralto; Mr. P. Redferne Hollinhead, tenor; Mr. Arthur Blight, baritone, proved to be a group of artists worthy of exciting the good-natured envy of all the visiting choirmasters—and they were plentifully present on this occasion. The new Casavant organ behaved admirably throughout the evening. Mr. W. H. Hewlett, the solo organist of the occasion, played a series of selections which served at once to display his brilliant technique and the delightful and varied resources of the $12,000 instrument. The choir sang several selections in a manner which revealed the intelligent training they have undergone. In the unaccompanied selection, the numerical weakness of the male section was slightly apparent. Mr. Kennedy's organ accompaniments were carried out with musicianly good judgment throughout the programme.

* * *

Upon the same evening, Mr. T. J. Palmer's choir, at St. Paul's Anglican church, gave a most impressive rendering of Gaul's cantata, "The Holy City." Mr. Palmer has a large choir, and its singing is marked by many points of excellence, due no doubt to the sound musicianship of the conductor. In balance, tone quality, attack, and phrasing the skill displayed was very attractive. The following vocalists took the principal parts in the solo work: Miss Kathleen Howard, soprano; Miss Georgina Knight, contralto; Mr. Brearly Redfern, tenor; Mr. Howard M. Frederick, bass. Assistance was also rendered by Miss Madill, Miss Popps, and Mr. Sparks.

* * *

Miss Mary C. Morley, a gifted pupil of Dr. Edward Fisher, gave a pianoforte recital of distinct merit on Thursday evening last in the Conservatory Music Hall. Miss Morley astonished her hearers with the variety of her tone quality; and, indeed, it is surprising that one of such slight physique should possess such a fund of reserve power as well as delicacy of tonal effect. Special mention might be made of the Chopin group and the difficult paraphrase by Pabst of Tschaikowski's "Eugen Onegin," the latter of which was played by Emil Sauer here this season. In all her numbers Miss Morley revealed the fine training and sure judgment of her instructor, Dr. Fisher. Miss Muriel Goggin, contralto, supported by Dr. Ham at the piano, contributed vocal selections with much acceptability.

* * *

Miss Helen M. Strong made her professional debut as a solo pianist on Friday evening of last week in the Conservatory Music Hall. Despite unfavorable weather, a large audience greeted the debutante. Miss Strong is certainly a worthy acquisition to the ranks of our local soloists. She plays her small numbers very charmingly and the larger works with good technique and fine tone. In the "Schutt Trio, Op. 27," for piano, violin, and 'cello, in which Mr. Blachford and Dr. Nicolai assisted, Miss Strong did very good work. With more experience in ensemble playing, she will no doubt gain in flexibility. The young recitalist has studied for some time past with Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, and her master may well feel proud of his pupil now that she has become a full-fledged professional pianist.

* * *

The piano pupils of Mr. Welsman gave a recital in the Conservatory Music Hall on Monday evening last. The following took part: Misses Flora McDonald, Olive Hendershott, Lillian E. Mason, Leslie Horner, Muriel Lillie, Lela Hoover, Florence Spencer, Dorothy Reville, Muriel Bruce. The work of these young ladies was of such an even quality of excellence that it is hard to make any distinction, but Miss Spencer, Miss Reville and Miss Bruce deserve special mention for the way they handled their numbers. Mr. Welsman should feel pleased with the progress displayed by these advanced pupils.

* * *

Mr. J. W. F. Harrison's lecture on "Programme Music" delivered at Whitby College on Tuesday evening was a very enjoyable affair. The function of music, and the character of absolute, poetic, descriptive, initiative, humorous and other classes of compositions received lucid treatment. The following young ladies assisted Mr. Harrison in the programme of illustrations: Misses F. Badgley, J. Elliott, C. Ahrens, A. Binns, K. Code.

* * *

Mr. F. G. Killmaster, one of our younger organists, gave a very creditable recital in the Church of the Redeemer on Saturday afternoon of last week. Miss Gertrude Lowry and Mr. Bartley Brown lent variety to the programme with vocal solos.

* * *

Miss Lillian Wilson, pupil of Mr. Arthur Blight, has been appointed soprano soloist in Westminster Presbyterian church, Bloor street.

ARPEGGIO.

MARY TWAIN'S JAY.

The bird which tried to fill a house with acorns.

Mark Twain tells the story of a jay who found a knot hole in the roof of an empty log cabin and wore out his constitution trying to fill it with acorns. Margaret Illington left the stage because she desired to darn stockings. Men have left Parliament in order to sew up holes in their reputations. When Brown's daughter left home to marry the curate she left a hole in the family circle which disturbed Brown and his good wife for months. She was a musician, and after her departure, the piano stood silent. This made a hole in father's enjoyment. The evenings seemed much longer than formerly. He was fond of Beethoven and Chopin and Schumann and Wagner, although he was unable to play a note. Occasionally Mary came home, but the infrequency of the music only accentuated the trouble. The hole was still unfilled. Then Brown had an idea. He bought a Gourlay-Angelus, and played himself. He was furnished immediately with a complete and inerrant technique far surpassing that of his daughter. He possessed no little musical taste and so he was able to interpret the works of the masters with whom he had become familiar. for the Angelus permits of infinite expression. The phrasing lever can produce a sostenuto more even and effective than that produced by a great virtuoso. The melodant accentuates the melody of every composition and the other devices which distinguish this remarkable player give it noble possibilities of expression. Brown was satisfied. The hole was no longer noticeable. The Angelus is sold in Canada as an interior part of the Gourlay piano, the finest piano manufactured in Canada. It is an equal match. See the combination at the firm's Yonge street warerooms.

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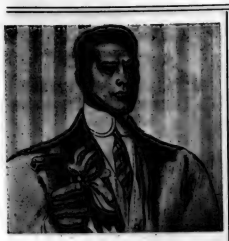

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FORBES-ROBERTSON, the eminent actor, recalls a story of John Davidson which goes to prove that the unfortunate poet who lately disappeared, and who is thought to have committed suicide, had a sense of humor.

"We were rehearsing his beautiful play at the Lyceum," says Mr. Robertson, "and Davidson was leaning against the proscenium engrossed in it. Presently a well-known actor, who shall be nameless, came on to the stage, waving his arms like a windmill and sawing the air in his desire to illustrate the text. Davidson edged quietly up to me.

"'That, I supose, will be a verra well-known actor,' he said, *sotto voce*.

"'Yes,' I agreed. 'And I presume he will be in receipt of a verra considerable honorarium,' he continued.

"I confessed he was right.

"'Then why does he wave his arms aboot in that extraordinary manner?' said Davidson in his broad Scot's accent, adding with a humorous gleam in his eye, 'If he did that in Piccadilly he would be arrested!'"

* * *

A MINISTER who has been doing missionary work in India recently returned to New York for a visit, and was a guest at a well-known hotel where everything pleased him except the absence of the very torrid sauces and spices to which he had become accustomed in the Far East. Fortunately he had brought with him a supply of his favorite condiments, and by arranging with the head waiter these were placed on his table. One day another guest saw the appetizing bottle on his neighbor's table and asked the waiter to give him some of "that sauce."

"I'm sorry, sir," said the waiter, "but it is the private property of this gentleman."

The minister, however, overheard the other's request, and told the waiter to pass the bottle. The stranger poured some of the mixture on his meat and took a liberal mouthful. After a moment he turned with tears in his eyes to the minister.

"You're a minister of the gospel?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you preach hell and damnation?"

"Yes," admitted the minister.

"Well, you're the first minister I ever met who carried samples!"

* * *

MATTERS theatrical were on the tapis and Robert Edeson was cheerfully remarking the tolerance with which the public frequently flock in crowds to productions of no especial merit.

"It reminds me," said Mr. Edeson, "of a brewer I once knew who had a large family, and each child had a number of animal pets. One evening a clergyman and his wife were making a formal call on the brewer, when one of the children burst riotously into the room, accompanied by his favorite goat. The callers were, of course, plainly disconcerted by this unexpected visitation.

"'Louie,' said the father reprovingly, 'how many times have I asked you not to bring dot goat into der barlor? I must inzist dot you keep him in der libray!'"

* * *

A PARTY of English tourists were travelling in Persia, and in Tabriz they invited a prince to dinner. He came, splendidly attired in gold and white. But he was taciturn. He seemed disappointed. When the dessert was served he sneered and said:

"I am pleased to see that the Englishmen are now taking a leaf out of the Persian's book."

"How so, Prince Kamil?" said the host's wife—a very tall, lean woman, with unusually long teeth.

"They leave all their pretty women at home," said the prince frankly.

* * *

IN an emergency the manufacturer of Limburger cheese was forced to use strategy with a shipment. Ordinarily his product went in special cars, but in this instance no car was available and the order must be filled. Two hundred pounds of the fragrant comestible was put in a rough, oblong box, and taken to the railroad baggage-room. Then the manufacturer bought a ticket for himself and the box, and entered the train. At the first stop he went ahead to the baggage-car to see that there was no trouble. He stood by the box in a disconsolate attitude and shaded his eyes with his hand.

The baggageman was sympathetic.

"A relative?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the manufacturer; "it is my brother."

"Well," said the railroad man, philosophically, "you have one consolation. He's dead, all right."

* * *

CARDINAL Logue, during his visit to Pocantico Hills, was asked how many sermons a preacher could prepare in a week.

Smiling, Cardinal Logue answered: "If the preacher is a man of extraordinary ability, he can prepare one sermon; if a man of average ability, two; if a blockhead, ten or twelve."

* * *

MR. John McCormack, who has been taking the lover's part in "La Traviata" at Covent Garden, London, recently told an interesting episode in his early life. He has sung pretty well from his cradle, and as a college boy his voice was in demand for the college concerts, and it was after singing at one of these that he received his first and never-to-be-forgotten lesson in clear enunciation.

Being by birth an Irishman he, with true patriotic spirit, sang an Irish song. Later he interviewed Biddy, the Irish cook, to whom he had given a ticket for the entertainment.

"Well, Biddy," he said, "how did you like the concert?"

"Oh sure, sir, you did sing beautifully," she replied; "but why ever did you sing in a foreign language? What ever was it? I did not know a word of it."

This was indeed a crushing criticism, but it was, said Mr. MacCormack, "a forcible lesson in elocution, and one that I have laid to heart."

* * *

THEY had been married just a month when he lost his position, and during the next eighteen months he jumped rapidly from one thing to another without being at all successful at anything.

By this time, of course, her trousseau was getting frayed around the bottom and rusty around the top; and the hope which she had been entertaining that she would some day be the possessor of some new gowns had become a sort of a permanent hope, as far as she could see, or, in fact, as far as they both could see together.

"Elizabeth," he said one day, "do you think marriage is a failure?"

"Failure!" she said scornfully. "It's a panic!"

* * *

THE Archbishop of Sydney and Primate of Australia, the Rev. William Saumaurez-Smith, whose death has just been announced, told me, writes an Australian, when I was in Sydney an amusing incident, in which familiarity usurped the place of reverence.

At a school picnic somewhere around the harbor, some small boys were anxious to play cricket. The Archbishop good-naturedly consented to be one of the team, and after some time asked the recorder of runs: "How is the score?"

The boy handed it, but the Archbishop did not understand the figures, so said:

"You have put nothing down for me, and I know I made something."

"Oh, yes, I have," rejoined a small urchin. 'Here y'are, 'Smith—one.'"

AS Jones wended his uncertain way homeward he pondered ways of concealing his condition from his wife. "I'll go home and read," he decided. "Whoever heard of a drunken man reading a book?"

Later Mrs. Jones heard a noise in the library. "What in the world are you doing in there?" she asked.

"Reading, my dear," Jones replied cheerfully.

"You old idiot!" she said scornfully, as she looked in at the library door, "shut up that valise and come to bed."

* * *

JULIA MARLOWE once yielded to the insistent demands of an ambitious girl admirer who had deluged the actress with sweet notes begging an interview, and told her to call at the hotel on a cetain afternoon, when she would be glad to see her.

"I saw you in 'Romeo and Juliet' last Monday night," said the young woman, "and have just been insanely curious to ask you a question."

"Well, what is the question?" said Miss Marlowe.

"In the potion scene I want to know what you are thinking about when you lie there supposed to be in the deep sleep from the effects of the drug you took."

"I'm not thinking," said the actress; "I'm hoping."

"Hoping?"

"Yes, hoping that I won't sneeze."

* * *

A COUPLE of men were playing golf the other day when they saw an old gentleman looking at them wistfully. They asked him to join the game, which he did with alacrity. He was mild in speech and manner and played well. But once when he had made a foozle he ejaculated vehemently the word "Assouan!"

A few moments later, when he had made another bad play, he repeated: "Assouan!"

The fourth time he said this one of his new-made friends said:

"I do not want to be inquisitive, but will you tell me why you say 'Assouan' so often?"

"Well," said the old gentleman, "isn't that the biggest dam in the world?"

He was, so the story goes, a clergyman.

* * *

THOMAS NELSON PAGE, in the smoke room of the Amerika, criticized trenchantly the work of a popular novelist.

"This man," declared Mr. Page, "has no idea of precision. He doesn't say what he means, he circles about his meaning, about and about it, never once hitting it off.

"He is like a young soldier in the Philippines whom a nurse told me about. She nursed the lad through rice fever. On his recovery he thanked her like this:

"'Thank you very much ma'am, fer yer kindness. I shan't never forgit it. If ever there was a fallen angel, you' e one.'"

* * *

A TRULY eloquent parson had been preaching for an hour or so on the immortality of the soul.

"I looked at the mountains," he declaimed, "and could not help thinking, 'Beautiful as you are, you will be destroyed, while my soul will not.' I gazed upon the ocean and cried, 'Mighty as you are you will eventually dry up, but not I!'"

AT THE MOVING-PICTURE SHOW.

Pat (as he recognizes dead friend in parade)—"Hey, Mike Rooney! Bridget's got off her mournin' and she's goin' to marry Dooley!"

—*Harper's Weekly.*

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The God of the Lagoon

(*Continued from page 9.*)

to him, for the anaconda does not leave the river ooze until the sun has warmed his basking-place.

Fear is kept alive by hope, and in spite of everything Gordon toiled to free himself. His mouth was parched with effort, his eyes were swollen and aching, cramps came upon him, and so was made up the endless sequence of his agonies. A weak man would have dropped all effort and resigned himself; but to Gordon such surrender would have been cowardly. It was outside his nature to give up the battle.

Do what he would, the man's eyes turned and turned again through all those awful hours of darkness to the faint glimmer of steel beneath him. For Emio, as a last addition to the torture, had bethought him of leaving a knife upon the ground in front of his victim, within reach of a free arm, but impossible for Gordon.

The day found him still battling with his bonds. Slowly the full sunshine permeated the forest. The monkeys ceased their gambols and their chatter. He had worked his left arm almost loose when he was aware that an uncanny hush had dropped over the forest. Then the hush merged into a swish of reeds and the shuffling, hissing sound of a great body moving. His struggles waned to rigidity. He could not see, his only view was the cane-swamp, now all dimmed and blood-spotted through the anguish of his vigil. He forced his neck round until he saw the knotted ends of the branch and he knew he was a bare ten feet from the monstrous presence above. He was waiting, and the intensity of his compelled stillness ached and throbbed.

The distant sounds of the swamp grew farther away and farther yet. His whole world was compressed into the shadow of the creeper-hung tree. The voice of the river droned and then it ceased altogether from his ears. His senses were dead to anything outside his own agony. He drew up his shoulders to protect his head, and the moment seemed to stay with him for ever.

Then he heard the sound like the cracking and grinding of coffee-beans in a mill; a hiss drilled in upon the silence, as the great bulk of the snake unloosed and whipped through the leafy gloom above him. The impact of the whirling coils carried him and the broken stake to the ground

The breaking of the stake partially released Gordon; his arm was free, and in falling he snatched at the knife as he was swept into the crushing battle.

All feeling passed from his lower limbs in a swelling of pain, the fetor of the snake's breath struck him like a blow as the flickering tongue darted about his cheek. In swung the head, and the paintings and pencillings of it leaped and danced before his eyes. He was not afraid now. He slashed at it with the knife, missed, then caught, and he thrust it in and in.

The cane-swamp receded into distance, the great tree above seemed to climb mountainously into heaven and then swoop down upon him. A lizard by its hole changed into all the colors of the rainbow and settled into a deep glowing scarlet.

* * * * * *

He awoke to the crack of a rifle and a confused shouting. His chest seemed bursting under a great weight, and as he opened his eyes the world swayed about him.

"Here he is!" shouted a voice. "By Jove, he's alive! Here, Gordon, old man."

"For Heaven's sake, O'Brien, take me out of this!" he groaned.

"Here, catch hold of me," said O'Brien. "You're all right. I've just shot that mulatto foreman of yours. He seemed to deserve it. That's the way. Chisholm? We have him safe. He'll pull through. We came over to borrow some paradox cartridges and found—hold up, Walters! Now shove the beast off him."

The great reptile dropped lifelessly away from Gordon's body into the slime below him, and for a period he almost wished they had left him to die as the blood began to return to his compressed limbs with great throbs.

"You got him just on the spot." Walters kicked the snake's head over. "Just where the backbone meets the structure of the head."

Gordon pushed his wet hair from his pain-weary eyes. The blossoms of the creeper glowed in the light filtering down from above, the disturbed and disgusted monkeys chattered again in the branches, the forest-life fell back into its usual channels.

They lifted Gordon into a sling hammock, borne by four sullen negroes, and the little group padded heavily away.

Some Famous Bulls.

THE British House of Commons, as might have been expected, has contributed a fair share to a very amusing collection of "bulls" (says The Windsor Magazine). It was in one of the debates of that body that the late Col. Saunderson described Eastern Rumelia as "man enough to take her stand" in defence of a certain threatened right.

An Irish M.P. once declared that of the outrages reported from Ireland three-quarters were exaggerated and half had no foundation in fact—a statistical computation that reminds one of another Irish M.P. who declared excitedly to a group of fellow members: "I want to convince you that there isn't any truth in half the lies they are telling about Ireland."

The biography of Dean Hook recalls a certain minor canon who used to preach at the Cathedral when Hook was a boy at Winchester School. In one of his sermons there occurred the striking reflection that "what is impossible can never be, and very seldom comes to pass."

Another discourse was long remembered for its pathetic lamentation on the degeneracy of the age: "O tempora! O mores! What times we live in! Little boys and girls run about the streets cursing and swearing before they can either walk or talk!" But the Church of England has no monopoly of these violent contrasts, for it was at a City Temple meeting not many years ago that a speaker exclaimed: "I find my time is already gone. Therefore I will keep within it."

An Englishman's Home.

THEY call it an Englishman's home,
The name sounds a little bit queer.
The nails and cement and windows are meant
To be British; they're Belgian, I fear.

The Mosaic was laid in the hall
By people from Florence or Rome;
While Archangel floors, and cheap Swedish-made doors,
You'll find in an Englishman's home.

The front door's of good Russian oak,
The locks and keys Yankee-made.
We don't mind a bit if our markets are hit;
It makes for the freedom of trade.

We've scarcely a thing in the house
That doesn't come over the foam,
There's much German steel, but it's nice still to feel
That it's part of an Englishman's home.

The carpets all come from abroad;
From Norway the granite we trace;
Another good line is American pine;
There's plenty of that in the place.

We are certainly British all through,
The basement right up to the dome,
Of Russian-grown wheat is the bread that we eat,
We're proud of an Englishman's home.

—Exchange.

CAPTAIN FORETOPP tells a story of a certain noted divine who was on his steamship when a great gale overtook them off the Oregon coast.

"It looks pretty bad," said the Bishop to the captain.

"Couldn't be much worse, Bishop," replied Foretopp.

Half an hour later the steamship was diving under the waves as if she were a submarine and leaking like an old door.

"Looks worse, I think, captain," said the Bishop.

"We must trust in Providence now, Bishop," answered Foretopp.

"Oh, I hope it has not come to that," gasped the Bishop.

YOUR OPPORTUNITY FOR A TRIP TO THE COUNTRY.

At this time of the year human nature craves for a change of scene, that tired feeling requires to be shaken off. A few days in the country amid the green fields and blossoms will do it. On account of Victoria Day, the Grand Trunk will issue return tickets at single fare between all stations in Canada. Going good May 21, 22, 23, 24; return limit May 26, 1909. Secure tickets from nearest Grand Trunk Ticket Agent.

Seemingly it is quite the thing to drop into the electric lighting company's office for a cup of delicious coffee made in the electric percolator, with a crisp, dainty piece of toast from the electric toaster. Twelve large slices of bread may be toasted for about half a cent. Many Toronto ladies are using electric percolators, toasters, and chafing dishes rather than the old style alcohol affairs. Electric irons are the rule rather than the exception, of course.

W. A. Murray & Co. Limited

56 Years' Growth in Merchandising

STUNNING PATTERN HATS FOR THE RACES

Arrived at last—and although somewhat delayed through unforeseen causes, they certainly look well worth waiting for, and you will, we think, agree that "better late than never." For the past few days we have been quite anxious about this shipment of "Pattern Hats" for they were bought especially for the Races. The late arrival means lower prices, because we must clear them quickly, and the designer must suffer. Consequently it means a big saving for you.

W. A. Murray & Co. Limited — 17 to 31 King St. East, 10 to 20 Colborne St., Victoria St. West to Colborne St. — Toronto

BELLHOUSE, DILLON & CO., Limited

AGENTS

CORISTINE BUILDING, MONTREAL

Here's a good nourishing meal for 5 cents.

SHREDDED WHEAT

Biscuit with half pint of milk, a little fruit and a cup of coffee. Delicious and strengthening. Try it.

Works of Art

GERHARD HEINTZMAN PIANOS

Are made like the old masters made violins. They are not the product of a factory system, but are the result of individual work after years of study.

GERHARD HEINTZMAN, Ltd.
97 Yonge St., Toronto.
Hamilton Salesrooms, 127 King St. E.

PIANO SHOES
GLASS BASE, CUT HALF SIZE.

Canadian patent No. 12, 13.6.

The Sliding Piano Shoe

The Glass Base Shoe takes the place of the old-time Castor, and produces an improvement in the sound of music, acting as an insulator. This Shoe improves the appearance as well, and having large bearing will not injure polished floors or carpets, and can be moved easily by one person. These Shoes are easily attached, and being made adjustable will move over any uneven surface there may be in the floor. Ask your Dealer. If he cannot supply you, write us for free circular.

Onward Manufacturing Agency
BERLIN, - - ONT.

At Last! A Perfect Face Cream

After years of scientific experimenting we have produced a face cream that is perfect.

SANITOL FACE CREAM

The Oxygen Face Cream

Is based upon nature's own principles. Oxygen is nature's great beautifier—purifier. The oxygen and antiseptic properties in Sanitol Face Cream act with marvelous results on the skin, neutralizing all impurities and restoring the beauty nature intended it to have.

Sanitol Face Cream is a perfect cleanser—soothing—refreshing and absolutely pure. It contains no grease and can be used at any time, for it is instantly absorbed into the pores and will not soil the daintiest fabric or the finest gloves. Pure white.

Delicately scented, agreeable and effective. Positively will not promote the growth of hair.

25c. everywhere

Good Taste Demands Rugs

Old homes or new ones need rugs, need ornaments; need all the beautifying touches of culture. As Toronto increases in wealth it improves in taste. Citizens may well be proud of the great improvement in the architecture of homes in the last few years. Continue the good work; let the inside be lovely, too. Have rich and beautiful Oriental Rugs on the floors, and the bright enhancement of Oriental Brassware to set off the other furnishings. Taste declares that Oriental Rugs and Oriental Brassware are as necessary as mahogany or oak in the proper furnishing of a home. Let us help you. We can suggest and advise you in regard to the selection of such things. Let the fact that you are always welcome, and that we have the largest stock of Rugs and Brassware in Canada bring you in to see us.

COURIAN, BABAYAN & CO.
40 King Street E., Opposite King Edward Hotel

Lea's

"TID-BIT PICKLES"

The Piece de Resistence

PACKED IN TWELVE VARIETIES

The Lea Pickling and Preserving Co., LIMITED
SIMCOE, ONT.

SOCIETY

THE marriage of Mr. M. A. Rawlinson and Miss May A. A. Welsh will take place in London, England, next month.

The marriage of Miss Edythe Gowland, only daughter of the late Mr. George Gowland, of Palmerston boulevard, and Mr. Charles A. Burrows will take place in June.

The closing entertainment given on Monday night by the Misses Sternberg and their dancing and physical culture pupils was an attraction to many parents, relatives and friends. The little ones did beautifully, and gave dances, exercises, May-pole dance and hoop exercises very prettily. Miss Rita Haynes in the scarf dance and Miss Ivy Atkins in the skirt dance deserve special mention.

Mrs. Campbell Sweeny, of Vancouver, is visiting Mrs. E. H. Keating. Mr. Clarence Bogert has returned from England. Miss Hanbury-Williams is visiting Mrs. W. D. Matthews. Mrs. Boyd gave a tea for her sister, Mrs. Wallace Helliwell, on Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Chillas have taken a house. Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Fraser are at the Queen's. Miss Hazel Fitzgerald gave a tea this week for the bride-elect, Miss Gladys Boultbee. Mrs. Le Grand is in Los Angeles, California. His Worship the Mayor and Treasurer Cody have returned from England. Mrs. Alfred Hawes gave a tea yesterday for Mrs. Boughton Wood. Mrs. W. R. Johnstone has returned from Europe. Miss Kerr, of Rathnelly, has returned from Ottawa. The Misses Hugel have gone to Niagara-on-the-Lake. The prizes presented by Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt for a one club golf match, over the Hunt Club course, were won by Miss Lucy McLean Howard and Miss Frankie Thompson. Mrs. Rogers, of Grafton, and Miss Nora Rogers are at the Queen's.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

HUNTER—On 15th May, 1909, at 113 Walmer road, Toronto, to Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Lincoln Hunter, a daughter.

CROOKSTON—At 6 Kensington Gate, Glasgow, Scotland, on May 17th, 1909, the wife of Mr. James Crookston (nee Agnes Sovereign), of a son.

FALCONER—On May 13th, 1909, at 69 St. George street, Toronto, to President and Mrs. Falconer, a son.

MARRIAGES.

BROWNING—SOUTHWOOD—On May 15, 1909, at St. Paul's Church, Toronto, by the Rev. Canon Cody, Maria Southwood of Chudleigh, Devon, England, to Mark Browning, of Aurora, Ont.

GIBBONS—COCKSHUTT—At Zion Presbyterian Church, Brantford, on Wednesday, May 12th, 1909, by the Rev. W. A. Martin, assisted by the Rev. Robert Cochrane, of Woodstock, Helen Elizabeth, elder daughter of Mrs. James G. Cockshutt, to Mr. John Joseph Gibbons, of Toronto.

DEATH.

LEITCH—At 494 Dovercourt road, Toronto, on Tuesday, May 18, 1909, Mary Wilson Leitch, wife of Lauchlin Leitch, aged 46 years.

Old As You Feel

It's a simple matter of Stomach and Liver. Take

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

SOLD EVERYWHERE. 31

BEAUTY

BEAUTY means a clear, smooth skin, free from all blemishes, freckles and moth-patches.

BEAUTY means a healthy skin with fine, clean pores and a pure, radiant complexion.

BEAUTY means a wealth of long, silky, luxuriant, glossy hair of youthful and perfect color.

Our Face and Scalp Treatments and the Princess Toilet Preparations have the qualities to produce such results.

Ask for our 35-page booklet, which contains a list of the numerous preparations, etc., used in our well-appointed treatment rooms (the largest in Canada).

Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, etc., are permanently and antiseptically removed by our reliable method of Electrolysis. Satisfaction assured. Seventeen years' experience.

HISCOTT DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
61 COLLEGE ST., TORONTO.

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY (REGISTERED)

Every lady who desires to be exceptionally well dressed should not fail to see our

Apparel for the Races

A brilliant showing, exemplifying the most refined ideas of good style.

Hats From Paris
Ostrich Boas and Stoles

One and Two Piece Suits
in Rajah Silk, Cloth and Wash Materials

Dressy Coats
in Rajah, Shantung, Worsteds, and Scotch Tweeds

Fancy Blouses
in Real Lace, and Irish Crochet

Fairweather's LIMITED
84-86 Yonge Street

LABATT'S ALE

Is made from tested, natural spring water, selected barley malt, and a blend of the choicest growth of hops. No substitutes for hops or barley are used. An aid to digestion and a cause of comfort after meals.

FULL OF THE VIRTUES OF BARLEY AND HOPS

THE STERLING BANK OF CANADA.

Report of the Proceedings of the Third Annual Meeting of Shareholders, Tuesday, May 18th, 1909.

Proceedings of the third Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders, held at the Head Office of the Bank, 50 King Street West, Toronto, on Tuesday, the 18th day of May, 1909.

Among those present were:—Bernard Cairns, Toronto; Sidney Jones, Toronto; W. K. George, Toronto; G. T. Somers, Toronto; Geo. Wilkie, Toronto; H. Wilberforce Aikins, Toronto; C. W. Spencer, Montreal; J. S. Atkinson, Toronto; J. A. Glover, Toronto; J. H. Tilden, Hamilton; G. W. Gordon, Port Credit; W. D. Dineen, Toronto; David Smith, Toronto; W. Crocker, Toronto; N. W. Rowell, K.C., Toronto; Bannell Sawyer, Montreal; Alex. Mackenzie, Toronto; E. R. Ryckman, Toronto; James McNaughton, Vallore; W. H. Givens, East Toronto; Richard Brown, Toronto; R. G. Baxter, Bridgeburg; Noel Marshall, Toronto.

The chair was taken by Mr. G. T. Somers, and the General Manager was requested to act as Secretary, when the following statement was read:—

To the Shareholders:

The Directors beg to present the following statement of the result of the business of the Bank for the year ending 30th April, 1909:—

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th April, 1908		$ 27,646 83
Premium on Stock sold		9,355 13
Profits for the year ending 30th April, 1909, after deducting charges of management, etc., and making provision for bad and doubtful debts, and for rebate on bills under discount		64,146 12
		$101,048 07
Appropriated as follows:		
Dividend 1½ per cent. paid 15th August, 1908	$10,086 11	
Dividend 1½ per cent. paid 15th November, 1908	10,093 87	
Dividend 1½ per cent. paid 15th February, 1909	10,144 62	
Dividend 1½ per cent. payable 15th May, 1909	10,367 28	
	$40,710 98	
Transferred to Reserve Fund	23,622 42	
		64,333 40
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward		$36,714 67

RESERVE FUND.

Balance at credit of account 30th April, 1908	$183,749 83
Transferred from Profit and Loss	23,622 42
	$207,372 30

G. T. SOMERS, President.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

LIABILITIES.

Notes in Circulation		$ 682,656 00
Deposits not bearing interest	$ 535,678 69	
Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date)	2,770,397 85	
		$3,306,076 54
Due to other Banks in Canada		80,744 23
Total Liabilities to the Public		$4,069,476 77
Capital Stock Paid-up		$29,489 20
Reserve Fund		207,372 30
Balance of Profits carried forward		36,714 67
Dividend No. 9, payable 15th May		10,367 28
Former Dividends unclaimed		1,519 71
		$5,154,940 03

ASSETS.

Specie	$ 38,539 07	
Dominion Government Demand Notes	495,373 00	
Deposit with Dominion Government for Security of Note Circulation	33,718 00	
Notes of and Cheques on other Banks	275,325 00	
Balances due from other Banks in Canada	35,434 02	
Balances due from other Banks in the United Kingdom	12,376 52	
Balances due from other Banks, elsewhere than in Canada and the United Kingdom	82,322 07	
	$ 977,050 69	
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	201,313 02	
Call and short loans on Stocks and Bonds in Canada	740,415 72	
		$1,918,784 50
Bills Discounted and Advances Current	$3,055,581 68	
Overdue Debts (fully secured)	40,321 60	
Overdue Debts	5,117 01	
Bank Premises, Safes and Office Furniture	$17,300 10	
Other Assets not included under foregoing heads	48,325 14	
		$3,236,155 53
		$5,154,940 03

F. W. BROUGHALL, General Manager.

Toronto, April 30th, 1909.

The usual resolutions were moved and adopted.

The Scrutineers reported the following gentlemen duly elected to act as Directors for the ensuing year:—H. Wilberforce Aikins, B.A., M.D., M.R.C.S. (Eng.), Wm. Dineen, R. F. Eaton, W. K. George, Sidney Jones, Noel Marshall, G. T. Somers, C. W. Spencer, John H. Tilden. The meeting then adjourned.

At a subsequent meeting of the newly elected Directors Mr. G. T. Somers was re-elected President and Mr. W. K. George Vice-President by a unanimous vote.

F. W. BROUGHALL, General Manager.

The Sterling Bank of Canada, Toronto, May 18th, 1909.

R. & O. RICHELIEU & ONTARIO NAV. CO.

STEAMER "BELLEVILLE"

Leaves Toronto 7.30 p.m., every Tuesday for Bay of Quinte, 1000 Islands, Montreal and intermediate ports.

STEAMERS "TORONTO" AND "KINGSTON"

Leave Toronto at 3.00 p.m., commencing June 1st, daily except Sunday; after July 1st, daily, for Rochester, 1000 Islands, Rapids St. Lawrence, Montreal, Quebec and Saguenay.

For tickets and berth reservations apply at ticket office, 2 East King Street.

H. FOSTER CHAFFEE, A.G.P.A., Toronto.

$74.10 Pacific Coast Return

From Toronto. Proportionately low from all Ontario stations.

Via Canadian Pacific direct route. See the Great West, the Rocky Mountains. Visit the

ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC EXPOSITION AT SEATTLE

Other Special Attractions. Tickets good going

May 20 to Sept. 30

Return limit Oct. 31. Liberal stop-overs. Wide choice of routes.

The C.P.R. gives the fastest and most satisfactory service to the coast—the only through car line and the world's scenic route.

For full information apply to any ticket agent, or write D. L. Thompson, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

VICTORIA DAY EXCURSIONS

RETURN TICKETS AT SINGLE FARE

Between all stations in Canada, also to Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., Niagara Falls, and Buffalo, N.Y. Good going May 21, 22, 23, 24. Return limit May 26, 1909.

A.Y.P. EXPOSITION - SEATTLE

Very low excursion rate in effect May 20, 1909.

Full information and tickets from any Grand Trunk agent.

DYEING SAVES CARPETS

Worn out carpets should not be dyed; but a good Wilton or Axminster stained or dirty can be made like new again by dyeing a beautiful crimson or green. Just try it.

R. PARKER & CO.

Cleaners and Dyers, Toronto.

201 and 791 Yonge St., 59 King St. W., 471 and 1324 Queen St. W., and 277 Queen St. E.

Spend Part of the 24th with the H. A. Meldrum Co., Buffalo

Make it a day of profit as well as pleasure—help yourself to some of the good things we offer in *Fashionable Shirt Waists, Corsets, Muslin Wear, Shoes, Wash Skirts, Lingerie Dresses, Millinery, Boys' Summer Clothing, Wash Goods,* and the like. Whether you come Saturday or Monday, you will be made welcome here—and your visit will be mutually satisfactory. Our Big Department Store is on Main Street, right near Lafayette Square, between Court and Mohawk—left hand side as you come from the Station.

The H. A. Meldrum Co. is Famous for its

Muslin Underwear

and we always make it an object for out-of-town people to lay in a supply. Just see how we price it!

Eight Styles Regular $1.50 Nainsook Gowns, chemise or open front, trimmed with English embroidery and Val. lace .....98c.

Regular $2.00 Chemise, fine nainsook or sheer batiste, with panels of eyelet embroidery and wide wash ribbon...98c.

Regular $2.75 Gowns, 12 styles, of sheer batiste, Empire embroidery yoke, flare sleeves, with embroidery motifs, Val. insertion and waist ribbons $1.98

Regular $5.00 White Skirts, with fitted tops and circular flounce of dotted mesh Val., insertion to match, wash ribbon in large bow, lace under-dust-ruffle $2.95

The Walohn Corsets

(Custom Finish)

Fulfill every requirement of the fastidious woman. These beautiful Corsets combine faultless style with a comfort usually to be obtained only in made-to-order garments.

The Walohn Corsets conform to the lines prescribed by Fashion, yet never give the figure an exaggerated or rigid effect. They produce beauty and symmetry, and offer to the dressmaker a faultless foundation for gowns of the period.

This make comes in four modish models which are very long and flat over the hips. They are made of the finest French fabrics and are fitted with six strong hose supporters.

We make a great display of these Corsets on the 22nd and 24th. Madame Gritton will demonstrate and fit.

BUY A COUPLE STYLISH WAISTS

While you are with us on Saturday or Monday. You'll likely get no better opportunity to save money this summer.

FIRST LOT—$1.25 Waists, all-over eyelet embroidered front, with cluster tucks at shoulder, fine tucks in back, long or short sleeves, collar and sleeves trimmed .....69c.

SECOND LOT—$1.50 Batiste Waists, with panel effect of Irish lace, ruffles of Val. lace at yoke, tucked back, sleeves lace trimmed and tucked .....98c.

THIRD LOT—$2.50 Waists, made of the popular coin-dot embroidery, with cluster-tucked yoke, back and front; long lace-trimmed sleeves $1.98

FOURTH LOT—2 Styles $5.00 Waists—trimmed with combination lace, Grecian design, dot embroidery yoke, elaborately trimmed sleeves, lace collar $2.98

LINGERIE AND PERCALE DRESSES

Three Hundred Percale and Lingerie Dresses—the former elaborately trimmed with lace and embroidery; the Percale Dresses have bands of contrasting color. We show them in the wanted shades. Real value $7.50. May 22nd and 24th $5.00

WASH GOODS UNDER PRICE

56-inch $1.00 Rough Pongee, with border, 6 yards make a suit, yard 59c. 58c. Iridescent Pongee, very lustrous, choice of eight colors; yard.....45c.

17c fine grade Batiste, yard....12½c.

19c Colored Stripe Shrunk Cotton, yard..... 15c.

25c Colored Poplin, yard .....19c.

39c American Madras Ginghams, yard .....25c.

1000 Wash Skirts Half Price

These Skirts are made from good shrunk cotton, tan, blue and white, plain tailored or with self strapping; usually $2.00 each; on May 22nd and 24th .....95c.

Glasgow Linen Wash Suits—two-piece and jumper styles, fast color tan, light blue, pink, Copenhagen and lavender, strictly tailor-made, three-quarter length semi-fitted coat, trimmed with same material in contrasting shade, flared skirt; suits worth $6.00; May 22nd and 24th $3.95

NEW MILLINERY

The Mushroom Banded Sailors—Milan and rough braids .....$1.50 to $2.98

Regular $10.00 Trimmed Hats—this season's most favored shapes and colors; May 22nd and 24th $5.00

Women's Beautiful Oxfords, Pumps & Boots

In all the popular leathers, patent, gun metal, bronze and tan; lots of character and wear in every pair of H. A. Meldrum Shoes; your choice of 40 styles Boots and 45 styles Oxfords .....$3.50 and $4.00

Shirts for Every Man in Canada

Men's $1.00 Coat Negligee Shirts, plain or pleated fronts, new summer patterns, sizes 14 to 17; May 22nd and 24th .....69c.

Men's 75c. and $1.00 Negligee Shirts, plaited or plain bosoms, white and black figures and stripes, sizes 14 to 17; May 22nd and 24th .....49c.

BOYS' WASH SUITS

Russian and Blouse Style, made of Galatea cloth, pretty stripes and plain color, sizes 2½ to 10 years, worth $2.50; on May 22nd and 24th $1.48

H. A. MELDRUM CO., 460-470 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Society at the Capital

GOVERNMENT House was the scene last week of two most delightful events, the first of which on Monday night was of quite an informal character and partook of the nature of a drawing-room concert, the latter being *the* event par excellence of the season—the annual State Ball, which came off on Friday night.

About three hundred of Their Excellencies' guests enjoyed the former event, which consisted of some exceedingly clever and very amusing imitations of Harry Lauder's selections, given by Mr. Dunwalters, of New York, and accompanied by Miss Grace Smith, the former of whom is one of Their Excellencies' house party; and a very humorous musical sketch, a take-off of a local concert in a small town of the south of England, contributed by Lord Frederick Hamilton, also a guest of Their Excellencies; besides charming piano solos by Miss Grace Smith. Many Ottawans remember Lord Frederick Hamilton's visit to Ottawa some twenty-one years ago, when his sister, Lady Lansdowne, was the "first lady in the land," and welcome him back most heartily. Their Excellencies received their guests at the entrance to the ball-room, which for the occasion had been converted into a theatre. Lady Grey wore a very handsome costume of cerise taffeta trimmed with Irish lace, the corsage having touches of palest blue velvet; she also wore a diamond necklace and ornaments and carried a bouquet of roses. Lady Sybil's gown was of dark blue satin made in Directoire fashion with trimmings of Persian embroidery. Lady Evelyn Grey was in white with golden embroidery. After the concert the next attractive point was the dining-room, where a buffet, bearing a goodly supply of dainty refreshments, was prettily arranged with a wealth of white blossoms and ferns. Before bidding Their Excellencies good-night all the guests signed their names on a souvenir list.

The State Ball was as usual a very brilliant affair, and although there were not quite as many out-of-town visitors as is generally the case, a great many of the sessional guests having already departed for their various homes in view of the near closing of Parliament, yet the guests present numbered nearly eight hundred. The beautiful large ball-room presented a most brilliant spectacle, and its gold and white decorations formed a fine setting for the assemblage, comprised of magnificently gowned and beautiful women, the various Cabinet Ministers in Windsor full dress, and a large number of officers in uniform. The drawing-rooms and halls were bowers of fragrant blossoms and luxuriant palms, and the conservatories and verandahs, softly lighted with myriads of multi-colored Japanese lanterns, were cosily arranged with sofas, divans and comfortable arm-chairs for the convenience of tired dancers or those who had passed the dancing age.

The *quadrille d'honneur*, or "State Lancers," which always "start the ball rolling" on these occasions, was on Friday night danced by His Excellency with Mrs. W. S. Fielding, Her Excellency with Hon. Sydney Fisher, Lady Sybil Grey with Hon. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. J. K. Kerr with Lord Tullibardine, Mrs. Frank Oliver with Hon. R. Lemieux, Madame Lemieux with Lord Frederick Hamilton, Mrs. Templeton with Hon. William Pugsley, and Mrs. Pugsley with Sir Elzear Taschereau.

A temporary building erected on the lawn was draped on the walls with gay bunting, and here light refreshments could be had during the entire evening, and at mid-night the playing of the National Anthem was a signal for supper, which was laid in the racquet court. The vice-regal party, consisting of Their Excellencies, Lady Sybil and Lady Evelyn Grey, Sir John and Lady Hanbury Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sladen, Lord Frederick Hamilton, Lord Tullibardine, Col. Weston Jarvis, Lord Lascelles, A.D.C., Capt. Newton, A.D.C., and Mr. Leveson Gower, and all the other ladies and gentlemen who had taken part in the opening quadrille, occupied three round tables, which were prettily decorated with pink roses. A buffet running the entire length of the room on either side was prettily arranged with white spirea and silver candelabra and accommodated a large number of guests at a time.

Her Excellency wore a particularly beautiful gown of white chiffon richly embroidered in an Indian design in dull gold, built over white satin, a large bunch of pink carnations on the bodice, and her magnificent diamond tiara and necklace and a rope of pearls. Lady Sybil's gown was an extremely pretty one of pale blue and silver tissue with butterflies of brilliants on the sleeves and corsage. Lady Evelyn was in black satin with pale pink tulle on the neck and sleeves and a wreath of green foliage in her hair. With no exceptions all the gowns were extremely smart and up-to-date.

Dancing was kept up until 3 a.m., and a very happy feature of the evening was the fact that the sterner sex was so well represented; there were no wall-flowers whatever, and everyone had a thoroughly enjoyable evening. Some of the handsomely gowned ladies from out-of-town points who were present were: Mrs. R. J. Christie, of Toronto; Miss Taft, of New York (who is the guest of Mrs. Fred Hogg); Miss Elsie Keefer, of Toronto; Mrs. H. K. Drury, of Winnipeg; Mrs. Worman, of Montreal; Mrs. Britton Francis, of Toronto; Mrs. Bryce Allan, of Boston; Mrs. and Miss Tache, of Montreal; Miss Creelman, of Montreal; Miss Esther Kerry, of Montreal; Mrs. Anglin, of Toronto; Mrs. William Price, of Quebec; and Miss Brown, of Kansas City.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, May 17, 1909.

MILES OF BLOSSOMS.

Can you imagine anything more delightful at this season of the year than a trip through the "Garden of Canada" with orchards in full bloom, spreading out in panoramic view on either side of a fast moving train? The Grand Trunk passes through the heart of this beautiful district en route to Niagara Falls, Buffalo and New York. Moreover, it is the only double track route. Trains leave Toronto 9 a.m., 4.05 p.m., and 6.10 p.m. Secure tickets and make reservations at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. 'Phone Main 4209.

Possible Employer—But we are slack ourselves. If I found you anything to do it would be taking work from my own men. Applicant—The little I should do wouldn't 'arm nobody, guv'nor.—Bystander.

The Honorary Governors who will visit Toronto General Hospital during the coming week are Mr. C. D. Massey and Hon. Robert Jaffray.

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We've disproved that—and we're still disproving it, every day, to new friends who have not heretofore realized that by means of unusual purchasing facilities we are enabled to offer truly exceptional values.

Here high quality and exclusive styles may be obtained at reasonable prices, as you can see for yourself by inspecting the following lines on sale next week:

Princess Silk Dresses.

A most interesting collection in Foulard silks and Pongee. Models effectively trimmed with chiffon or lace on yoke and sleeves, $28.50.

Washable Dresses.

French Linen Dresses—$25.

One piece model, white, lavender, light blue and pink; inset with lace at yoke; also with low Dutch neck. Several particularly smart styles at $25.

French Linen Dresses—$15.

One piece model, with round Dutch neck, finished with lace collar.

Washable Suits.

Linen Suits—$20.

Of French or Ramie Linen. Tailor-made coat style. White and fashionable shades at $20.

Dress and Coat Suits—$25.

Of fine linen; dress and coat model. Attractively embroidered. Green, white, lavender, light blue, rose and grey. Two especially desirable models.

Outing Suits.

Of white serge and white and black stripe worsted in fashionable models. At $25.00, $28.50 and $35.00.

Travelling Coats.

Gloria Coats—$28.50.

Of Gloria rain and dust shedding garment, in blue, grey, black and brown.

Pongee Silk Coats—$20, $25, $35.

Natural color. Styles both plain and trimmed with black or contrasting color.

The "Hookless Skirt"—$5

With an inserted pleat at the back. Made of linen and rep, new models. No hooks nor eyes. Won't rust. May be laundered without removing the buttons. When the skirt is closed the buttons are invisible. White linen or rep, $5.00.

New Sweater—$10.

Long coat style, double-breasted. A smart style for all outing purposes. White, tan, grey and green.

Shoes.

Distinctive styles and comfortable, perfect fitting lasts. Among the high-grade footwear we feature such well-known lines as those of Laird, Schober & Co. and Wichert & Gardner.

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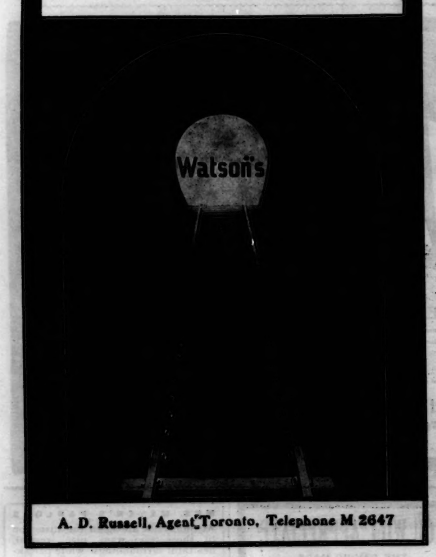

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Lady Gay's Column

SHE was a tall, graceful, young and distinguished looking woman, to whom it was my privilege to do a kindness, the importance of which I did not just then realize. Some time after that occurrence, I met her again, and bestowed upon her my widest smile and gladdest bow. Into her beautiful eyes came a look of genuine surprise, and a little flush crept up her perfect cheek. She inclined her head ever so slightly, dipped her little sunshade over her eyes, and was quickly borne away in her superb carriage. It certainly was a jar, for when we had parted, on the only other occasion of meeting, her last words had been: "Thank you again. I shall never forget you, nor what you have done for me!" And, so soon, she had forgotten! It had been only the matter of a quick eye, a ready hand and some muscle, but it had probably saved the lovely lady from personal injury or even death. And I tramped along the crowded London street, on that second occasion more surprised and hurt than I cared to acknowledge, because I was sure it was absolute forgetfulness of me, not a snobbish wish to snub an unknown tourist, which sat in her eyes and flushed her exquisite countenance. I could not keep it to myself, and confided my chagrin to a person who knows his London as he knows his alphabet. "Where did you meet her first, and when?" he asked. I told him date and place. He thought a moment and then said: "Listen! You have come into a secret that very few people know. The beautiful woman who cut you to-day has a double. The double was the girl you saved from a bad accident, and no wonder she was grateful!" "But," I gasped, "she told me she was the Lady ——, and that she was on her way to open a church bazaar on the east side." "Quite so, and the Lady —— did open the bazaar that day. I read all about it in the Mirror next morning, but, all the same, my friend, the Lady ——, was motoring with some one, very far from the east side of London that day, as I accidently happened to become aware. Never mind whom you saw. I saw the Lady ——!" "But why?" I began. "Oh, plenty of reasons! These grand ladies are worked too hard, if they once begin philanthropy, and the Lady —— began philanthropy after attending the services in a celebrated high church here two years ago. I never had the least suspicion of her until she took up good works. Scared, and squaring herself, she was, but she soon got weary of stuffy meetings and crowded sales for charity and then he came to London." "Who came?" "Never you mind. She was motoring with him the day you did that good turn for her understudy." "But the carriage," I objected. "It was the very same carriage and fat coachman and thin groom I saw to-day." "Of course it was, and the hat and the dress of your Lady were those the Lady —— had worn a dozen times, before she gave them to her double. You can quite believe what I tell you, dear lady." "Oh, I do," I said, much easier in my mind. "I'm quite glad to. For now I understand how I must have startled the Lady —— this morning, and how good it was of her to give me even that little wee bow. Why did she?" "Well, she probably was quick witted enough to realize that her double had met you at some bazaar, or hospital visit, and been chatting to you or something." "How queer! Are there many 'doubles' in this marvel of a city?" "I dare say. I know of half a dozen, some innocently used to satisfy the public, the charities. Why, I'm quite sure the Queen has one, if not more, doubles. You see Her Majesty is so hugely popular." "Then, one really cannot know if one has seen her or not?" "There are certainly doubtful visions of royalty," said my friend, laughing. And afterwards I fell a-wondering what would have been the sequel had I not saved the Lady ——'s double when I did, and what would she have done, being smashed up, to warn that motoring escapader, whose little games were so near to being laid bare. Eh! Eh! what a possibility!

LADY GAY.

A subscription has been started in this city for the relief of the Armenian Christians who suffered in the recent outbreaks in Adana and Cilicia. Over three thousand dollars has already been obtained, and it is hoped to greatly increase this amount. The funds thus collected will be entrusted for distribution to Mr. W. W. Peet, treasurer in Turkey for the American Board of Missions, who has had a wide experience in this kind of work. According to his statements from Constantinople recently, there are 18,000 people in Adana requiring relief, 6,000 in Latakia, 5,000 in Tarsus, and hundreds in other smaller places. Subscriptions should be sent to the manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce in this city.

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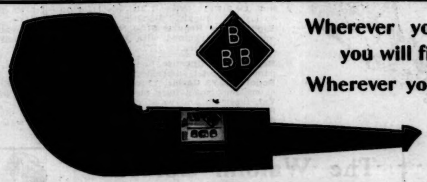

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